Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

FIFTEEN CENTS MAY 7, 1949

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

TIME FOR CONTROVERSY: A Special Section by SRL Readers

(page 22)

SR 9/24/49 40-T-23 LIBRARY
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
GREENEVILLE
TENN
MAY 6 '49

Fredric Wertham, author of "The Show of Violence." (See page 9)

Was Shakespeare Really Shakespeare?

BY BERGEN EVANS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An old sea captain in Devon made it for our Jim..."

"We'll never forget old Captain Yeo! In that Devonshire fishing village, he and our boy became firm friends.

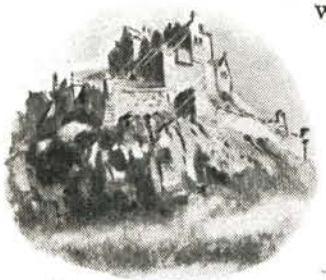
"I can see them together as if it were yesterday—Jim, then eleven, the Captain near seventy—going off fishing or sailing . . . both of them laughing and talking . . . exchanging the story of their lives.

"That's why this model the Captain made him has a place of honor in our home. It recalls so many pleasant scenes and happy hours . . . the real warmth of the welcome we were met with everywhere in Britain.

"Our stay in Devon, you see, was only the beginning of a varied, wonderful vacation.

"Now, each time we look at Captain Yeo's schooner, we seem to set sail on a voyage back into memory . . . "

"Remember Henley Regatta . . . like a brilliant patchwork on the Thames? And how quickly Jim became quite an expert with a punt pole?"



"Remember Edinburgh Castle — poised above Prince's Street, like a sentinel on horseback—that day we bought the lovely Harris tweed?"

"Remember the 'Horn Dancers' at Abbots Bromley . . . with their curious knee-breeches, and the stags' antlers they carried on their shoulders?"

"Remember how small and *compact* Britain seemed . . . how quickly and easily one moved from place to place . . . and, as it were, from century to century?"

PLAN YOUR TRIP NOW for September or October and avoid the Summer rush. Illustrated literature and complete information from your travel agent, or from the BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION (Tourist Div. of the British Tourist and Holidays Board), 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

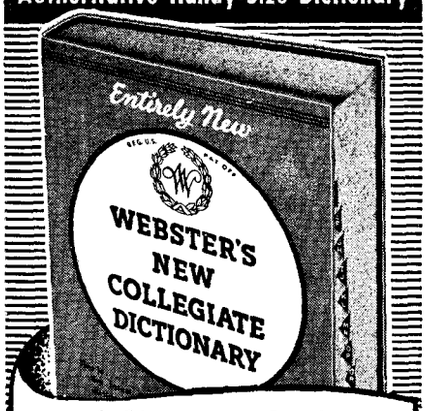
Come to Britain

Where more than half-a-million visitors from overseas found a Royal Welcome in 1948.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published!

The Most Up-to-Date, Most Authoritative Handy-Size Dictionary



A Merriam-Webster

WEBSTER'S NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY is an entirely new work—enlarged and completely rewritten to cover man's new knowledge in every field. Best for home, school and office because it is based on the big *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition,* the "Supreme Authority," and characterized by the same outstanding scholarship and accuracy. More than 125,000 entries; 2,300 terms illustrated. Hundreds of new words. Thumb index. $6.00 and up, depending on binding. At your bookseller's, or write to: G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Dept. 105, Springfield 2, Massachusetts.

Who wrote the Shakespearean Plays?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon) did not claim one line of the plays by word or deed. In his will, which provided for the minutest item of his worldly goods including a "second-best" bed for his wife, there was no mention of any manuscript, play, poem, copyright or book.

Ben Jonson, Elizabethan dramatist, was enshrined in Westminster Abbey. William Shakespeare, his contemporary, was not. At the time of the latter's death in 1616, no one associated his name with the famous plays. Since Shakespeare's death, by a synthetic process common to all myths and legends and with no basis in fact, the authorship of the plays has been "attributed" to the Stratford poet.

One of the plays, "The Comedy of Errors," was played in 1576. Shakespeare was at that time thirteen years of age. He did not go to London until ten years later.

We know only a few insignificant facts about Shakespeare, despite 700-page histories of his life. We do not know for certain that he could write. His father could only make his mark, and his daughters likewise. Not a scrap of his writing remains while voluminous manuscripts written by his contemporaries have survived to this day.

In THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE ANATOMY, Dr. Melsome offers a solution to this Shakespearean mystery—the greatest puzzle of modern literary times. He reveals an abundance of evidence that the immortal plays were written by another man. His findings, the end of a lifelong study, are sensational.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE ANATOMY

by W. S. Melsome, M.A., M.D. &c.

Price $2.00 Postpaid

248 pages, Full Bound, 5½ x 8½ including photographs and translation of the famous Northumberland Manuscript.

To: Stuyvesant House,
445 Pearl Street, New York 7, N.Y.

Please send me ..... copies of The Bacon-Shakespeare Anatomy. I enclose my check for .....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

This Week

May 7, 1949

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

Articles PAGE

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE: WAS SHAKESPEARE REALLY SHAKESPEARE? By Bergen Evans 7

Reviews

THE SHOW OF VIOLENCE
Reviewed by William M. Hitzig, M.D......9
PARENT AND CHILD
FORTY-FIVE IN THE FAMILY
YOUR CHILD'S MIND AND BODY
THE NORMAL SEX INTERESTS OF CHILDREN
THE PROBLEM FAMILY
Reviewed by C. C. Zimmerman.....10
TARGET: YOU
Reviewed by Edgar Ansel Mowrer...13
STORY WITHOUT END
Reviewed by Hans Kohn.....14
THE STARS BEAR WITNESS
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz.....14
PUBLIC OPINION AND FOREIGN POLICY
Reviewed by Foster Rhea Dulles.....15
THE ECONOMIC REPORTS OF THE PRESIDENT
Reviewed by Alvin H. Hansen.....16
THE JOURNEY OF SIMON MCKEEVER
Reviewed by Josephine Lawrence.....17
BACKLASH
Reviewed by William Lindsay Gresham.....17
THE ROAD BETWEEN
Reviewed by Milton Crane 18
THE SONS OF NOAH
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....19
THE LOTTERY
Reviewed by Robert Halsband.....19
CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS
Reviewed by John Coolidge.....31
JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY
Reviewed by Alfred Frankenstein....32
YOKOHAMA, CALIFORNIA
Reviewed by Bradford Smith.....36
THEY NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
Reviewed by Lee Rogow.....37

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 4
LITERARY I. Q. 11
LITERARY CRYPT 12
NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....12
EDITORIAL 20
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....22
THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....30
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....34
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton 41
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 43
THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....44
THE FILM FORUM
By Raymond Spottiswoode 45
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 46
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 789 50

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lillian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 19, May 7, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue, Copyright 1949 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

A land that has known glory and despair — but never disgrace

PARAGUAY:

An Informal History by Harris Gaylord Warren

A COMPREHENSIVE, one-volume survey of four bloody centuries in the "Little Giant" of South America. Here are the social, political, and economic factors that have entered into Paraguay's development—from its discovery and the Spanish conquest to the violent present. With accuracy and simplicity, the book presents a vivid picture of a strange land: the ancient plants and animals, fantastic creations of a capricious nature; the Guarani, fierce in war and cruel to their enemies; the battles, revolutions and wars that molded the land of today. Here, too, are the many personalities vitally linked with Paraguay's story: Charles Ames Washburn, United States minister during the War of the Triple Alliance; the peaceful and honest Ayala; Morínigo who aided Axis spies.

An important book for archaeologists, sociologists, historians — everyone who wants a better understanding of a country at the diplomatic crossroads of South America, a country whose future is still uncertain—but whose present again breathes revolution.

Illustrated, maps, $5.00

ECUADOR AND THE GALÁPAGOS ISLANDS

by Victor Wolfgang Von Hagen,
author of *MAYA EXPLORER*

AN informal book that gives a fascinating insight into an unknown, mysterious and "schizophrenic" land — from the great heroes of the past to the people of modern Ecuador.

Illustrated, $3.75

At all bookstores

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In New York, your TRADE WINDS editor, dismayed at the length of his latest travelogue, decided an intermission was in order, but warns you that he will pick up the threads again in Reno next week.

• • In Prague, the new Czech Parliament nationalized the book publishing industry, and Minister of Information Kopecky ranted, "Let the tendentious slanderers from abroad say what they like about the forced direction and totalitarianism of this law. The truth remains that the new system is ten times more democratic and perfect than the former system of the prewar republic." Mr. Kopecky is Czechoslowacky!

• • In Hollywood, the Writers Guild is trying to decide who deserves screen credit for MGM's adaptation of Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga." Over a period of twelve years, thirteen important writers (including Richard Llewellyn, Robert Nathan, John Collier, James Hilton, and John Balderston) had ground out seventeen full scripts, and Lord knows how many individual scenes, for this one project. The studios' contract with the Screen Writers Guild stipulates that only three writers can be credited with the final product. Here's a pretty mess!

• • In New York Street & Smith, who acquired leadership in the "pulp" book and magazine field with their Buffalo Bill Series, begun way back in 1869, and cemented their position when the Merriwell lads made their debut in 1896, have seen the handwriting on the wall, and are abandoning the pulps entirely. *Detective* and *Western* story magazines are the last to go. Street & Smith henceforth will concentrate on *Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle's Living,* and *Charm*—three illustrated "slicks" in the women's field. Allen Grammer, chairman of the board, explained, "Pulp fiction is no longer in demand. The comic-book market is declining rapidly as well; we're halting production there too. The demand at newsstands has undergone a radical change. Reprints of expensive books are now being made available in the millions at a quarter a copy. We must recognize the fact." Publishers of "original" editions and hard-cover reprints recognized the fact some time ago—and how!

• • In Winston-Salem, Hoke Norris engaged in the following dialogue with a book store clerk:

I'd like a copy of "The Portable Veblen," please.
The Port—what?
"The Portable Veblen."
How do you spell it?
What part of it?
Any of it.
Viking's Port—
How do you spell that?
V-I-K-I-N-G.
What's the rest of it?
"The Portable Veblen." It's a series put out by Viking. Max Lerner edited this one.
How do you spell it?
What?
This Mack Learning.
M-A-X L-E-R-N-E-R.
Oh, Max Lerner Veblen's Portable Viking.
No! The Portable Thorstein. I mean the Viking Lerner. I mean—oh hell.
Well, we haven't got it. Order it for you?
No, thanks! ! !

• • In Ottawa, Illinois, Francis Duffy reports that a well-known author topped off a spree by drinking a whole bottle of strongly-scented hair tonic. He was arrested for fragrancy.

• • In Washington, the Superintendent of Documents at the Government Printing Office issued Bulletin Number 6 (dated March 15, 1949), listing five titles of a "Health Information Series." They contain, says the bulletin, "general information on *communicable* diseases." The five titles: Ringworm, Scabies, Louse Infestation, *Swimming*, and *Constipation*. We live and learn!

• • In New York, the Literary Guild announced that an English novel by Robert Standish called "Elephant Walk," a story of adventure in Ceylon, would be its July selection, with Taylor Caldwell's latest, "Let Love Come Last," following in August. The BOMC is distributing its first play selection, Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman," with Edward Streeter's "Father of the Bride" in June. July choices are George Orwell's "Ninteen Eighty-four" and John Gunther's "Behind the Curtain." This is the fifth time Gunther has hit the BOMC jackpot.

• • In the Parke-Bernet Gallery, during the organization of the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America, the sixth gentleman who approached Edgar Kimsey to inquire jovially, "Well, Kimsey, when may we expect your sexual report?" received a black eye and a bloody nose. Bookseller Kimsey, well pleased, tilted his hat at a jaunty angle, and phoned for a taxi.

• • In Boston, a publisher sold a total of 1,080 copies of a highly touted poet's new verses, ruefully recalled Don

"He was caught at the intersection of two deadlines."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marquis's observation: "Publishing a book of verse is like dropping a rose petal into the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo." (Van Cartmell says it more tersely: "Rhyme doesn't pay!")

• • In Philadelphia, Judge Curtis Bok, reproving a self-appointed vice-squad for trying to impose its own idea of what is obscene upon the entire community, made an observation that the smut-hounds of the land would do well to memorize. "I should rather," said Judge Bok, "have my own three daughters meet the facts of life in my library than behind a neighbor's barn. In my library I can face the adversary directly."

• • In wherever you are, be sure to get a Columbia album of the complete score of "South Pacific," sung by the original cast. Martin and Pinza will make your blood tingle. And two movies you mustn't miss are "The Stratton Story" and "Home of the Brave."

• • In New York, Earl Wilson defined an historical novel as a book with a shapely wench on the jacket but no jacket on the shapely wench.

• • In Hollywood, Hedda Hopper hints that the current economy wave may cause changes in the names of some famous literary properties. "The Best Years of Our Lives," for instance, may be reissued as "Nice Day." "The Long Voyage Home" may become "Ferry to Hoboken," "Letter to Three Wives" shortened to "Memo," and "Gone with the Wind" known henceforth simply as "Pffit."

• • In New York, Russell Janney, author of "The Miracle of the Bells," found himself on the jury trying eleven Communist Party leaders on charges of advocating forcible overthrow of the Government. Before Janney took his seat in the jury box, Judge Medina asked him, "Have you read anything about this case in the newspapers?" "No, Your Honor," said Janney. "I only read the sports pages."

• • In San Diego, Mary Moon, annoyed by news reports of Evelyn Waugh's condescending comments, dashed off this limerick for TRADE WINDS:

Says our visitor, Britisher Waugh
In America life's slightly raugh.
"But the people," he leers,
"Like my insults and jeers—
"And just look at the lucre I'll draugh!"

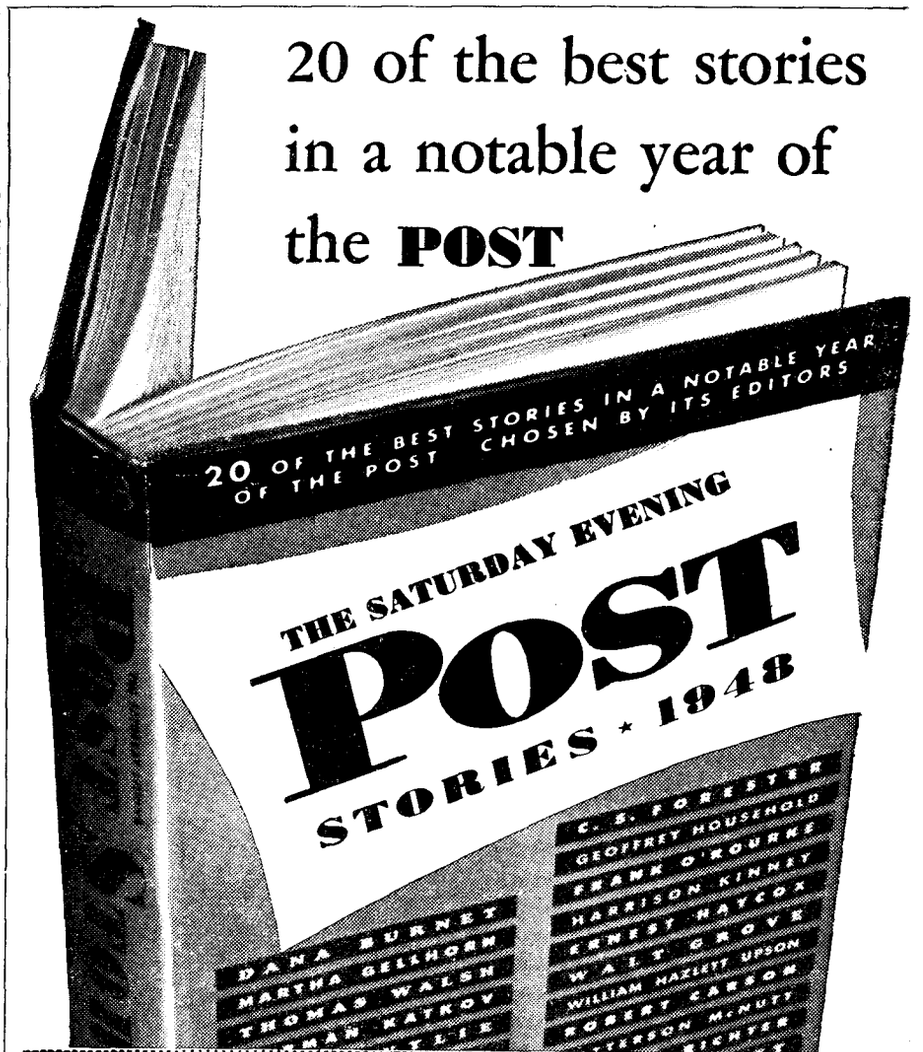
• • In Shanghai, Richard Tregaskis, of "Guadalcanal Diary" fame, boarded a plane for home, and impulsively handed a porter all the Chinese currency he had left as a tip. It amounted to seventeen million Chinese dollars (in American money: $6.75).

• • In London, Hollis & Carter published Douglas Woodruff's "Still Talking at Random." AIGA President Donald Klopfer hastily ordered six copies.

• • In Philadelphia, publisher Anthony Bump suggested the slogan "Talc of the Town" to a Colgate-Palmolive advertising man, received a can of baby powder as a reward.

• • In Haiti, Mrs. Alfred De Liagre spotted a deeply bronzed figure in a pith helmet, and whispered, "Isn't he that Port au Prince rum magnate we met at dinner last night?" "Don't be silly," answered her husband. "That's the man who owns the apartment next door to us in New York—Mr. Harry Scherman." —BENNETT CERF.

20 of the best stories in a notable year of the **POST**



Edited by ***BEN HIBBS***

➡ The year 1948 was exceptional in the number and excellence of the stories which appeared in the *Post.* From the more than two hundred stories that were published last year, the editors have chosen twenty to represent the best of the year. Among the famous authors included are: *James Street, Ernest Haycox, C. S. Forester, Geoffrey Household, Conrad Richter, Norman Katkov, Martha Gellhorn, I. A. R. Wylie,* and twelve others. $2.75

At all bookstores, ***RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.***

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED

How do you rate socially?

You'll know after you've read

Toasted English

Marghanita Laski

. . . an innocent novel by the niece of Harold Laski, about life in England under the next Tory government. You'll find yourself classified by a Minister of Social Security. If you're well-born, with a duke or two hanging from your family tree, and if you really feel more comfortable in tails after seven p.m., you're probably an "A". Then the minister will supply you with a first class club, a convertible with overhead valves, a calendar full of social engagements with your peers and peeresses and a suitable wife, or mistress, or both.

But if you work for a living, your rating is probably "B", and if you're caught washing the dishes your situation may be even graver, and if you're found reading TOASTED ENGLISH you may be accounted an intellectual and rated an "E" which is really distressing. So we suggest you go where the old school ties flap until you've had a chance to take a furtive advance look at TOASTED ENGLISH. After that, you'll surely be able to manage your affairs so as to hold your precarious social rating.

". . . reduces the philosophy of the class system to a howling absurdity . . ." *Chicago Tribune*

At all bookstores, $2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Good Frend for Iesvs Sake Forbeare

Was Shakespeare Really Shakespeare?

BERGEN EVANS

Bergen Evans

DISSERTATIONS on the subject of who wrote the plays commonly ascribed to William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon now exceed what could be read in a lifetime. More than 4,000 separate books and articles, in six languages (according to a bibliography prepared by the late Professor Joseph S. Galland), support and dispute the claims presented for seventeen possible alternate authors. *The Saturday Review* has recently published a number of letters excitedly for or against the various proposed pretenders. Of them, Bacon leads the field (if we overlook Shakespeare) with Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, a strong runner-up and gaining rapidly. Hard at their heels come the Earls of Rutland and Derby and scattered down the track are Sir Edward Dyer, Robert Burton, Sir Walter Raleigh, Christopher Marlowe, and, bringing up the rear amid the plaudits of the feminists, Anne Hathaway!

Nations vie with cults. The Germans have long maintained that the author of the plays was essentially a German, and the Russians have now identified him as a Slav.

To the faint extent that the backers of the various entries feel any compulsion to be reasonable, their chief argument is a negative one. How, they ask, could an uneducated provincial have ever acquired the universal knowledge manifested in the plays?

Ironically, this question is founded on the hysterical claims of omniscience for their idol by the bardolators (such as Schlegel's pronouncement that Shakespeare had mastered "all the things and relations of this world"), claims which have been steadfastly refuted by informed critics from Ben Johnson on but which seem to have an irresistible appeal to the unscholarly. And to support their assumption the various theorists have labored mightily to present the Stratford man as an illiterate oaf and his home town as a benighted spot through whose mired alleys trudged as low a group of cretins as ever gibbered in the suburbs of Dogpatch.

Actually, however, sixteenth-century Stratford was a pretty civilized place. It is true that one John Shakespeare, probably the poet's father, was fined for leaving refuse in the street, but the significance of this is surely not that refuse littered the streets but that householders were fined if it did—an indication of a civic pride considerably in advance of that of twentieth-century Chicago. The town had a grammar school and a fine church and several other buildings more substantial than one would find in most American communities of the same size today, and was probably more self-sufficient in cultural matters. All intellectual activity had not yet been sucked into the metropolis; culture was not then mass-produced in one spot and piped back into the country towns as wobbling shadows and syndicated banalities.

As for the man himself, it cannot be denied that his report cards have not been preserved, but surely the writing of the plays ought to render them unnecessary as proof of his literacy. Lincoln had practically no schooling, but the author of the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural can hardly be considered uneducated. Indeed, if the Stratford man were half the ignorant boor his denigrators insist he was, it reflects very little subtlety in the true author to have selected him as a front. J. Thomas Looney, the one-eyed monarch of these blind guides, perceived

My Tables... Set It Down

By Christopher Morley

MY FAVORITE professor thinks
What wonder-fulfilled twinges
Our Fellow Shakespeare must have had
When his thoughts, or gay or sad,
But packed with birth like roe in shad
Came into his meninges.
Then prosody came cranking in,
Intoxicant and clear as gin,
Iambus, anapaest, or troche,
Metrically okey-dokey
From perception's fringes.

He baited traps and hooded winks
And set all subtle springes;
Too riddlesome for just one Sphinx
He was the plural, sphinges.
Paradox, ellipsis, trope
Or aposiopesis
Were all within his art and scope,
His arsis and his thesis.
He sprang upon them like a lynx
Or a whole pack of linges.

We too have known, in our small ways,
Uncalculable thrill;
And none will ever have it always,
But if it come, then spill!
All of power in the shop:
Grasp, old boy, the shaven quill,
Beat the keys *qwertyuiop*.

Professor, like Ben Jonson, thinks
That critic never cringes:
How may he tell his lads and minx
(Whose plural might be minges?)
That even Shakespeare sometimes stinks
Or, multiple, he stinges.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this pitfall and attempted to prevent his ardent followers from making a gadarene plunge into it by begging them to remember that Shakespeare, though of low extraction and mean capacities and reduced, through Mr. Looney's researches, to a "somewhat ignominious" position, was, after all, Lord Oxford's stooge and as such entitled to at least courtesy.

As for the great Shakespeare "mystery," it consists, in brief, of our not knowing as much about the man as we wish we did. But, even so, we know more about him than we do about any of the other claimants except Bacon. He was, apparently, one of the best-known citizens of his day. Plays attributed to him were published as by him over a period of thirty years and not only was their authorship never challenged but more than a score of contemporary men of letters, at various times, mentioned him, praised him, and estimated his genius about as we do now. There are periods in his life about which we know nothing, but so are there in the lives of almost all of those who are advanced to supplant him, and when we consider the difference between his social position and that of some of them we can consider ourselves fortunate for knowing so much.

The first of all the challengers, in point of time, bulk of literature and noise, number and ingenuity of supporters, is Francis Bacon, whose claim, first advanced in 1785, rests fundamentally on the assumptions that the author of the plays was omniscient and that Bacon not only knew everything but had practically a monopoly on information.

Both assumptions are false. The plays abound with errors: Bohemia is endowed with a seacoast; characters board ship at Verona for passage to Milan; Cleopatra, laced in a corset, plays billiards; Hector quotes Aristotle and Hamlet attends an as-yet-not-founded university; there are clocks in ancient Rome and cannon in the time of King John; Edgar, though a contemporary of the pre-Roman Lear, is familiar with Bedlam, and there is a king of France at a time when All Gaul was still divided into three parts. The list of such blunders could be extended through many pages. The entire subject received its definitive treatment thirty years ago in "Shakespeare's England," a symposium by a score of authorities that canvassed Shakespeare's knowledge in a dozen fields and concluded that he had no such immense and specialized information as some of his admirers had given him credit for. His vast knowledge of law, for instance, a pillar of the whole Baconian structure, proved upon examination by an expert in Elizabethan law, Arthur Underhill, to have been "neither profound nor accurate."

Bacon's omniscience has stood scrutiny no better. It is true that he boasted to have taken all knowledge for his province, but the opinion of the best scouts for several centuries now has been that he failed to occupy the entire province. His book learning is considerably greater than that of the author of the plays, to be sure, but it still falls short of the claims made for him.

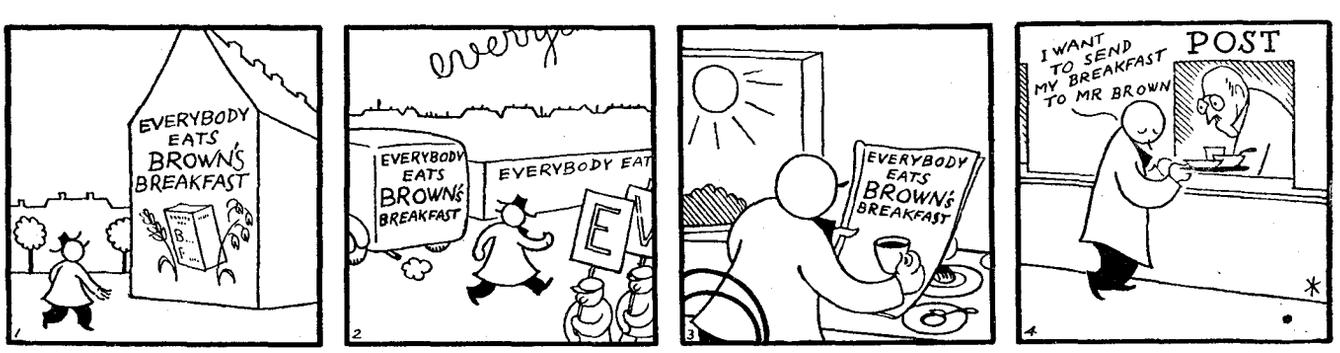
There is no disgrace in that, however, for much has been claimed. He has been hailed as the author of the entire Elizabethan drama, with "The Faerie Queene" and "The Anatomy of Melancholy" thrown in. Less rational enthusiasts (for, incredible as it may seem, the distinction is possible) have also credited him with Montaigne's "Essais," "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Tale of a Tub," and "Robinson Crusoe." The first of these may have been, as claimed, a youthful exercise in French, but the last three present a biographical problem since they were published from fifty-two to ninety-three years after a body presumably his was buried at St. Albans. One explanation is that he left them in manuscript. Another is that he merely feigned death and found someone else willing (for the sake of the sarcophagus, possibly) to take his place in the tomb in order that he might be free from interruption, a convenience necessary for so voluminous an output. And a third is that he dictated them from the spirit world, as he did the particular cipher that he communicated to Mrs. F. C. A. Windle of San Francisco.

Unfortunately, Bacon is a peculiarly *un*likely candidate. The extent of his known duties and the bulk of his acknowledged works would make the production of thirty-six such plays in addition and in secret, in or out of cipher, more incredible than their being written by the most unlettered hind in the land. Then it would be difficult to find two men whose styles vary more widely. Bacon is stately, grave, and condensed; Shakespeare is impetuous, sparkling, and extravagant. Jonson, who knew both men, tells us that Bacon's speech was so concise that if his listener coughed or turned aside he missed the meaning; whereas Shakespeare's volubility overflowed the bounds of decorum and stood constantly in need of restraint. Spedding, one of the greatest students of Bacon, doubted whether one could find as many as five lines together in any of Bacon's works that could be mistaken for Shakespeare's by anyone familiar with their styles.

THE Earl of Oxford, whose cult though younger is now the most vital, is a far more likely possibility. Indeed, if the author of the plays were as unknown as the cultists assume he is, De Vere would be an interesting hypothesis. But the evidence advanced in his support is weak compared to that which connects the plays with one William Shakespeare and identifies him as the leading dramatist of his day.

This is sometimes granted, in lucid intervals, by those who still vociferously maintain that there is nothing to connect this person with "the butcher boy of Stratford" other than a trifling similarity in their names. But as Mr. Hoy Cranston has pointed out [*SRL* Nov. 6, 1948]—and several hundreds before him—the Stratford man's will definitely identifies him as a "fellow" of Burbage and of Heming and Condell, the actor-editors of the First Folio; and a score of passages in the plays make it plain that their

(*Continued on page* 39)


EVERYBODY EATS BROWN'S BREAKFAST
EVERYBODY EATS BROWN'S BREAKFAST
EVERYBODY EAT
EVERYBODY EATS BROWN'S BREAKFAST
I WANT TO SEND MY BREAKFAST TO MR BROWN
POST

—Piet Hein.

"Pity"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man and His Society.

What is the hardest job on earth? Edith Burmeister in "Forty-five in the Family," one of the new books reviewed below, contends that it is the proper rearing of children. There is abundant evidence to support her thesis in the four other volumes on the relationship of parents and their offspring discussed by Professor Zimmerman. . . . In Dr. Fredric Wertham's "The Show of Violence" there is a plenitude of examples of the manner in which an underprivileged or abnormal childhood may evolve into an adulthood marked by violence and crime. For its originality of approach to one of society's most pressing problems, for its vigorous style and wealth of specific cases, Dr. Wertham's book, reviewed below, may well become one of the most widely discussed and influential works of this season.

Murder Every Forty-five Minutes

THE SHOW OF VIOLENCE. By Fredric Wertham, M.D. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 279 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM M. HITZIG, M.D.

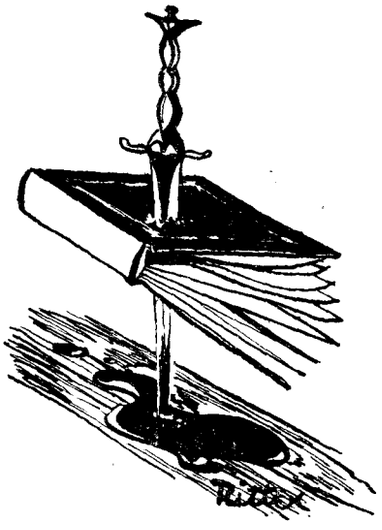
THIS is an age of violence. If you have any doubt of it, consider some of the data Dr. Wertham presents in his new book. Murder in the United States is committed once every forty-five minutes, and sixty per cent of these crimes go unpunished; in New York City alone, a murder or manslaughter occurs approximately once every twenty-eight hours.

How to account for it? In "The Show of Violence" Dr. Wertham, a psychiatrist trained in the tradition of Freud, undertakes to find the ultimate answer. Because he is dealing with a problem basic to our civilization, and writes about it with originality, authority, and in terms of human beings, it seems destined to be one of the most important and talked-about books of the season. It is clearly and vividly written and swiftly paced, with the human interest elements always in the forefront. Dr. Wertham seeks answers to the riddle of our violence through close analysis of a number of murder cases he knew at first hand as a consulting psychiatrist. The surface facts of some of these cases, will be familiar to many readers, for they adorned the front pages of the nation's newspapers ten to fifteen years ago.

But in Dr. Wertham's lexicon murder is not merely one individual's violence to another individual; all preventable violent deaths must be considered as such. Political and religious slaughters, mine disasters, deaths resulting from child-bed fever—all fall within his definition. From this fact arises much of the originality and cogency of the book.

When Dr. Wertham places the blame for murder and violence at the door of society itself, he is borrowing a thesis that has long been a favorite of sociologists and reformers. But unlike earlier students of the problem, he refuses to explain it by simple psychological, sociological, and biological factors. Two or all three of these factors are present in every crime, Dr. Wertham insists, and they are so intimately interwoven that they cannot properly be separated. For example, poverty, a sociological factor, may lead to a psychological condition which when combined with biological factors, sometimes produces a violent act. This he illustrates by the case of a middle-aged victim of poverty, overwork, and malnutrition who administered gas to her six children and herself.

Dr. Wertham's use of the sociologists' favorite theme is novel also for the fashion in which he develops it. He demonstrates that most of the murders in his dossier could have been prevented, that their genesis may be found in an early environment where violence and confusion were the rule, an environment which allowed the murderer-to-be to grow to adulthood physically without maturing emotionally. With an irony that is sometimes diabolical, he castigates a society that imperils its own safety by nurturing violence "from negative emotions, from hatred and fear, from frustration and desperation, from jealousy and greed, from humiliation and spite, from repression and resentment."



Although Dr. Wertham always exhibits commendable compassion and deep understanding for the underprivileged murderer and his innocent victim, he has only scorn and ridicule for the experts of the law and the mind who sit in judgment on their less fortunate fellow men. It is, he insists, the apathy and myopia of the legal profession, the political bigwigs, the prosecuting attorneys and the judges, the members of lunacy commissions, and his fellow psychiatrists which tend to abet the violence of our age.

This is an impressive indictment but, I am afraid, somewhat too sweeping. His condemnation of the legal machinery of New York City is perhaps well-founded, but I feel confident that District Attorney Frank Hogan, a most able prosecutor and a man of enormous good will, would never set out to obtain a decision or "make a kill" at any cost. Nor can I believe that psychiatrists of the integrity of Ralph M. Kaufman, Laurence Kubie, or Sol W. Ginsburg, for example, would ever be willing to color their testimony to please "high personages" or fit political considerations.

The courage and the "let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may" attitude which characterize Dr. Wertham's book will provoke, I have no doubt, heated responses in legal, political, and psychiatric circles. It will take time to show just how valid his thesis and supporting evidence are. But a generation that has lived through two world wars and political and religious murders on a mass scale badly needs to think about and discuss the points he makes in this book.

My statement of some of Dr. Wertham's more controversial views might suggest that he has an axe to grind. Actually, he has none. He is, above all, a humanist whose sincerity shines through every ringing sentence of his book. The weakness of his position, it seems to me, lies in the fact that, in holding up such high expectations for the individual and society, he is ahead of his time. Man may be created in the image of God, but even the saintliest of men possesses an ungodly impulse to kill that he frequently hides deep in his dreams, fan-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tasies, and neurotic manifestations. Ultimately society and the men who compose it may progress to a utopian state where base emotions, poverty, greed, and hatred are unknown, where happiness and perfection are universal. Until Utopia arrives, we will have to be content with palliatives and sticking plaster in dealing with the violence of our society.

William M. Hitzig, a practising New York diagnostician and internist, is physician to the Police Department and associate physician to Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City.

THE AUTHOR: At the recent Middlebury, Vt., conference to consider "a positive program for a democratic society" among many splendid observations "a spiritual ground swell" was noted. Typically, Dr. Fredric Wertham took out a box of brass tacks when his turn came to speak. What, he demanded, about the six innocent Negroes sentenced to death in Trenton? "If I were to go to them and say, 'There is a spiritual ground swell around you,' it wouldn't do much good. It's a problem of democracy to solve that! It isn't possible to discuss any program of democracy or peace on earth without discussion of violence. At present there is a condemnation of people who advocate the overthrow of the Government by violence. What the powers that be are really worried about are the people who advocate the overthrow of violence by government."

In 1922 Dr. Wertham left Germany to teach psychiatry at Johns Hopkins. There he dreamed of a center where people who needed psychotherapy but couldn't afford it might be helped. March 8, 1946, without funds and, therefore, state license, he founded in a church basement the Lafargue Clinic, which charges 25¢ for an average visit, 50¢ if court appearance is required, nothing if the patient is destitute. For two years it has been a Veterans Administration official agency for psychiatric treatment of both white and colored ex-GI's. In 1932 he organized and directed for the New York Court of General Sessions the first clinic in the country where every convicted felon is examined psychiatrically. Since then he has been consulted on countless tabloid crimes, and his Christmas list is chock with lifers. From 1933-39 he headed Bellevue's Mental Hygiene Clinic; he is now president of the Association for the Advancement of Psychotherapy, director of psychiatric services in Queens General Hospital and the Quaker Emergency Service's readjustment center. The last, planned as a clinic for arrested sex offenders under the jurisdiction of the court, is branching out to include all people with sexual troubles. "Many," he says, "can be traced to the tensions caused by the dread of violence. The fact that comic books were published for years without anyone—even scientists—raising a voice is a sign of it." His article "The Comics . . . Very Funny!" in *SRL* May 29, 1948, raised a hullabaloo. "The next step in psychiatry and psychoanalysis will not be a further refinement of minute differences but an entirely new orientation based on the concrete interaction between inner and outer conflicts—or both individual and social factors."

"In many ways," says Dr. Wertham (a pupil of Kraepelin), "not only do I agree with Freud; it is impossible to practise psychiatry without him. But in his death instinct he got himself into an existential blind alley." Dr. Wertham turned briefly from psychiatry to neuropathology in the book "The Brain as an Organ." Another, "Dark Legend," is a detective story of the mind. He is six feet two and one-half inches tall, gray-haired, and so harried by the telephone—which frequently tolls of murder—that he sometimes forgets the address of his own office. Mrs. Wertham says that isn't Freudian—"just human." —R. G.

Hardest Job on Earth

PARENT AND CHILD. By Catherine Mackenzie. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1949. 341 *pp.* $2.95.

FORTY-FIVE IN THE FAMILY: The Story of a Home for Children. By Eva Burmeister. New York: Columbia University Press. 1949. 247 *pp.* $3.25.

YOUR CHILD'S MIND AND BODY: A Practical Guide for Parents. By Flanders Dunbar, M. D. New York: Random House. 1949. 159 *pp.* $2.95.

THE NORMAL SEX INTERESTS OF CHILDREN: From Infancy to Childhood. By Frances Bruce Strain. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. 1949. 210 *pp.* $2.75.

THE PROBLEM FAMILY: An Investigation of Human Relations. By A. S. Neil: With an Introduction by Goodwin Watson. New York: Hermitage Press, Inc. 1949. 224 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by C. C. ZIMMERMAN

CATHERINE MACKENZIE, noted authority on family problems and child-rearing, of *The New York Times,* presents here a selection and arrangement of those of her writings (with supplementary reference and reading list) which she considers of most value to present or prospective parents. Here we meet the theme (also emphasized by Miss Burmeister), that the problem of raising children properly, whether in institution or in the home, is the "hardest job on earth." Dr. Mackenzie opens her book with appropriate remarks upon the present necessity for more and improved parental education and moves carefully through most of the typical problems met by parent or child up through the teen ages. In each case represented the author reviews some authority who has made a study of the particular problem, whether of the U. S. Children's Bureau, Boston's Judge Baker Foundation, or an appropriate institution elsewhere, and gives in succinct words the commonly accepted etiology of the difficulty, its natural history and most accepted treatment. In addition to this analysis, she uses common sense and admits that "to every parent there comes a time when the 'book' doesn't provide the answer." This capable work should fill the need of thousands of present or prospective parents who still are "people" and who naturally "never understand" many things about parent-child relations until it happens to them. The work may also be recommended highly as a text in many of our ubiquitous courses on marriage and the family, where education on this practical level does not always get as good treatment as is given in this work.

Eva Burmeister, who writes the story of Lakeside, a children's home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has been at the institution for sixteen years as social worker and director, and is nationally recognized as a leader in the field of extra-familial child-care. Her study, reported with considerable humility and grace, tells what she has learned about the problem from her years of practical experience. (Miss Burmeister studied social work at Wisconsin and the New York School.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lakeside usually had about forty-five children with a turnover of about twenty-five a year, so that her observations cover experiences with some hundreds of cases of studied rehabilitation of shabbily-treated young. Her analysis covers everything considered of importance from grouping to baths, play, reading, pets, work, and social control. Particularly interesting are her observations on mental conflict which arose within the minds of the children after occasional visits from parents whose misfortunes or neglect had been responsible for the situation in which the children found themselves. The author's psychiatric background enables her to understand and to relate the psychosomatic results of these experiences upon the children. This excellent work should be of use to others dealing with the same problem or with domestic situations in which children are endangered.

Flanders Dunbar is a specialist in psychosomatic (mind and body) medicine. Her careful treatise, in nine chapters, deals with sleeping, eating, playing, affection, obedience, bodily functions, sickness, delinquency, and marriage as they should be understood by the parent who is intent on avoiding as many dangers of later psychological upsets to the child as is possible. Each chapter deals with the behavior concerned (sleeping, eating, playing, etc.) and specifies normal and expected behavior in this field. The book is replete with suggestions as to how to avoid any "adolescent aftermath." The work is well organized and presented and, in addition, documented with cases or literary references. These illustrations clarify the issues involved and give the book that certain flair which lifts it above the average doctor-patient volume. If children are troubled with sphincter control, parents can console themselves with the thought that Samuel Butler was acutely conscious of the constant struggle between bowels and men. Dr. Dunbar is evidently a disciple of neo-Freudianism in the sense that her approach to sex is more "sensible" or rounded than that of many of the extremists on the problem. All through this work is found a sanity of approach which is a tribute to the developing science of "psychosomaticiatry." The work is of potential use to parents, as well as students in family and marriage courses, and, since Flanders Dunbar is a physician, ought to find wide acceptance in medical libraries and doctors' offices.

Frances Bruce Strain is a nationally-known writer in the field of sex education. While describing her work as "not a research study or scholar's treatise" she makes it a survey of many identifiable sexual manifestations of human behavior from infancy to senior high school. If we dissociate science from abstruse presentation and cultism, this is what it ought to

be and hence does not call for Mrs. Strain's disclaimer. Since human beings have sex glands and organs, a fact which has been well-known to Western authors since Homer, they tend to use them either directly or by sublimation, as by sucking, biting, fighting, toilet and sidewalk pornography, or in fantasy. The question bothering Mrs. Strain, and the rest of us as well, is how to identify those actions, what to do about them, and what to tell the child or parent involved. Mrs. Strain is representative of a group who believe that sex is an historical constant, that frankness and understanding of its role are new, and that most of the problems of the contemporary family crisis will be solved through this "rediscovery [since some alleged beautiful Greek civilization] of the sexual forces." Some others, including the reviewer, are somewhat more skeptical. We recognize the potency of sex, its prevalence in nearly every form of human behavior from cradle to the grave, speak frankly about it, but are not so optimistic regarding a solution either of sex or family problems by simple palliatives in this "forever" Amber age. It is the reviewer's "observation," that most parents should keep their fingers crossed and do perhaps a little silent praying no matter how they interpret or treat the sexual manifestations of those for whom they are responsible. And, above all, to get the record clear, neither the author of this work nor her favorite source of citation, is an authority on the past aspects of sex in Western society.

A. S. Neil is a retired schoolmaster, who, for many years, successfully operated a sort of progressive school in England known as Summerhill in

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEARE'S LADIES

Katharine Anderson, of Baltimore, Md., offers twenty quotations that describe certain ladies in the works of the Bard. Allowing five points if you can identify either the lady or the play, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 46.

1. There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
   Nay, her foot speaks.
2. I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
3. My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
4. O most pernicious woman!
5. Detested kite!
6. O, she deceives me past thought.
7. For her own person, it beggar'd all description.
8. She came adorned hither like sweet May.
9. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune.
10. You have witchcraft in your lips.
11. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite.
12. She had all the royal makings of a queen.
13. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.
14. Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.
15. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
16. I am all the daughters of my father's house.
17. She's an adulteress.
18. I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me.
19. All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
    With sighs of love.
20. You tallow-face!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suffolk. According to Goodwin Watson, of Teachers College, Columbia University, who introduces the book, the success of the school which Neil operated would give considerable validity to the idea that "there seems to be something basically right about the way the Neil family theories work out in practice." Nevertheless, and while the reviewer can recognize here and there certain statements of principles which indicate acceptable, verifiable judgments, fundamentally this is the family philosophy of either a very poor theorist or a bewildered faddist. Outworn dogmas of discarded early Freudianism, mixed with certain misunderstood shibboleths of the existentialist cult, and with some other movements, combine into a philosophy which is bizarre, to say the least. We find that there are no such things as problem children—only problem parents. The medical profession is to blame for much of the wrong rearing of children. "The child who is reared without sex guilt will never want any religion." The big sin in life is the sexual one, the Oxford group is a great danger to youth, and even cancer is fundamentally a sexual disease, and so on, even worse. The bad points of the work far outweigh its few good observations.

C. C. Zimmerman, a professor of sociology at Harvard University since 1931, is chairman of the board of tutors in sociology at the university. He is the author of "Family," "The Family and Civilization," "Consumption and Standards of Living," and other volumes.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 306

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 306 will be found in the next issue.

LSXAB MC GSRHMNORA,

PTRBSSN KTZL, TRN

SQN TDO GSRHMNORA

TDTMR.—PTZAMR H. AXYYOZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 305

Nobody can give you wiser advice than yourself.

—CICERO.

NEW EDITIONS

RINEHART & CO. have restored to circulation two excellent biographies of two extraordinary writers: "James Joyce" ($3.50), by Herbert Gorman, and "Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe" ($5), by Hervey Allen. Their merits differ. The one is an intimate, personal portrait, by a biographer who knew his sitter well; the other is a massive job of research, a careful reconstruction of a life that has long been marked by obscure phases, and long been the cause of heated controversy. In the one there is more art, in the other more labor, but both will continue to be read, I think, as long as there are readers interested in understanding James Joyce and Edgar Poe.

Mr. Gorman, whose book was first published ten years ago, does not dig deep into the springs of Joyce's writing, but he shows the way to those who would, and he tells Joyce's story and depicts his character so successfully that he makes us feel we knew the man. Against the backgrounds of Dublin, Zurich, Trieste, Rome, and Paris, he follows the career of an Irishman who never really left Dublin, a rebel whose weapons were "silence, exile, and cunning," an artist whose motto was an uncompromising *non serviam*, addressed to home and fatherland and church. It is a rare tale of struggle, frustration, success, moral endurance, and physical heroism. Mr. Gorman does not bring up the point, but I cannot help wondering what Joyce's literary course would have been if "Dubliners" had not met the exasperating fate it did, if his great ego had not been so cruelly goaded.

There is heroism in Poe's story, too —even if it was not sufficient to prevent a lifetime's torture and final tragedy—and there is an ego that knew no bounds. Mr. Allen's narrative is heavy with detail (we are told what Poe's shoes cost at an English school, and the fare on the steamer which carried him from West Point to New York) but the central strands of the narrative are strong enough to bear this weight. It is probable that no book will ever explain more clearly than "Israfel" Poe's crucial relations with John Allan, Mrs. Clemm, and Virginia; his important associations with Kennedy, White, Burton, and Graham; his individual brand of dipsomania, and his unfortunate sexual organization. Understanding these things, we come close to understanding the isolated and doomed artist whose last words were: "Lord help my poor soul."

From Robert L. Crager, in New Orleans, come new editions of two worthy books by the late Lyle Saxon. The first, "Fabulous New Orleans" ($7.50), is well known, although I had never read it until now; and the second, "Children from Strangers" ($3), Mr. Saxon's lone novel, deserves to be far better known than it is. This tragic story of the mulatto Famie Vidal, her white lover and white child, her husband Numa, and the patient, inarticulate Henry Tyler, may be flawed in parts, but in the main it is a singularly moving novel by a sensitive writer who knew the value of simplicity and restraint. As for "Fabulous New Orleans," delightfully illustrated by W. H. Suydam, which introduces us—by way of Mardi Gras—to the famous city's checkered history, customs, characters, and legends, it needs no other recommendation than word that it is available.

Enjoyable as it is, however, Mr. Saxon's rather polite account of New Orleans has its limitations; so one may supplement it with Herbert Asbury's "The French Quarter" (Pocket Books, 25¢), in which an amateur of immorality describes the horrific New Orleans underworld, from the early days of the Swamp down to the declining days of Basin Street.

Among New Orleans's more remarkable products is Truman Capote, whose "Other Voices, Other Rooms" is now a Signet Book (25¢). The few superior critics who disparaged this strange yarn were, I think, wrong. It has in it the kind of "magic" which Mr. Capote insists fiction should have. But how far this quality will carry him is, of course, uncertain. . . . Another Signet volume, "A Woman in the House," is a representative collection of Erskine Caldwell's frequently tantalizing short stories. . . . Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse," which has known many forms, has been "adapted" for a three-volume Dell Book edition (25¢ per vol.). . . . Add Pocket Books: Haines's "Command Decision," Kay Summersby's "Eisenhower Was My Boss," Frank Yerby's "The Foxes of Harrow," and Cerf's "Try and Stop Me."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World.

Numbered among the American products that have won the esteem of judicious persons in all parts of the world are fountain pens, motor cars, nylon stockings, and journalists. If it were not for the work of such intelligent and enterprising correspondents as Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Leland Stowe, Dorothy Thompson, Walter Duranty, John Gunther, and others of their stature, our knowledge of the world between the wars might have been far more hazy and our decisions even less enlightened than they were. Mr. Stowe's new book, "Target: You," which Mr. Mowrer reviews below, is the effort of one journalist to apply his knowledge and experience to the problems now confronting Western civilization. Another book of the week that is for the most part the product of journalists is Lester Markel's symposium, "Public Opinion and Foreign Policy," reviewed also in this issue on page 15 under "U. S. A."

"John Between" in Air-and-Atomic Age

TARGET: YOU. By Leland Stowe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1949. 288 pp. $3.

Reviewed by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

LELAND STOWE'S latest book is an attempt to help the American citizen (whom he playfully baptizes "John Between") to do what he must do if civilization and our type of life are to survive. In my judgment, this book is remarkably successful.

Stowe was one of the most brilliant American foreign correspondents of the inter-war period. Had these men's advice been heeded, World War II would have been at least postponed, Hitler would have been eliminated without war, and Stalin would not today be threatening world peace and world democracy.

Mr. Stowe begins by analyzing the present predicament of Americans who emerged victorious from World War II only to find themselves haunted by fears of a sort which they had never before experienced. He believes that America is essentially "middle class" and that its position is half-way between Communism and monopoly capitalism. Stowe knows that capitalism is not Fascism. But he notes that some capitalists seem always ready to support Fascist champions if they feel threatened by militant labor or Communism.

Now instead of behaving in a "big" way, the American John Betweens are haunted by fears of Communism and of economic instability. For the first time in our history, young men are emigrating to foreign parts (notably, to Australia). But Communism, Stowe believes, is impotent except where resistance to needed economic reforms (boom and bust, more justice, etc.) gives it power. Americans "fail to understand that capitalism is in acute crisis everywhere." In Europe the prewar Fascism of the possessing classes discredited capitalism.

Since capitalism in Europe is discredited, Americans wishing to save democracy must take the allies they find. They can expect no quarter from Communists. They can only lose by use of Fascists. Therefore they must cooperate with the European Social Democrats and leftish Catholics or face disaster. Unfortunately, Stowe feels, the U. S. policymakers to date have not been interested in "liberating European peasants from their economic chains." Hence the Communists have found listeners.

Moreover, here at home, stabilizing a capitalist society demands from all classes sacrifices Americans have not been willing to make. We should, Mr. Stowe believes, have followed Bernard Baruch's recommendations after the war and "stabilized for peace." Our basic liberties are being threatened by the search for international security amid the new terrors of the air-and-atom age. Intolerance is rising here with shameful "witch hunts" and increased police powers.

—*Carola Gregor.*

Leland Stowe—"We should have followed Bernard Baruch's recommendations."

Actually—and here Stowe is at his best—John Between must realize that he has entered a new age where he can no longer obtain permanent security by any amount of armament. In the first place, new armament is so costly that only two countries—the USA and the USSR—can provide it. Rich as these two are, if they persist in an armament race, it is bound to bankrupt both of them.

Separate sovereign nations cannot create security or permanent peace. Therefore, if we want peace we must recognize that "the will for peace is the will for a common Supreme Law." This means a readiness to accept the responsibility and restraints of membership in a world government.

"Target: You" is so full of interesting descriptions of what happened and stimulating explanations of why it happened that no summary comes anywhere near to doing it justice. It is clearly written, popular in tone, easy to understand, and sound in thought. There are in Leland Stowe two characters—a magnificent reporter of fact and a "liberal" thinker. He will forgive me if I dare suggest that he reexamine some of his "liberal" beliefs.

Is he quite sure that state Socialism constitutes "progress?" Could it not betoken reversion to medievalism? And is the United States certain to follow the "European pattern" in this respect?

Again—I for one do not believe that the U. S. "blundered into an atomic armament race." In my judgment, Russia made such a race inevitable—short of world government—when it insisted on upsetting the balance of power in Europe and Asia to our detriment.

Finally, it is demonstrably not true that in Eastern Europe "land feudalism remained unaltered until 1945." "Land feudalism" went from Yugoslavia and Bulgaria with the Turks, never existed in Czechoslovakia, and by 1939 had been largely eliminated from Poland and Roumania.

These are but fly specks on a piece of fine work.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, European correspondent for nearly two decades, won a Pultizer Prize for his book "Germany Turns Back the Clock." His latest volume, "The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy," was published last autumn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3,000 Years of Judaism

STORY WITHOUT END. By Solomon Landman and Benjamin Efron. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1949. 279 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

INTEREST in Jewish history has grown recently and has penetrated to circles which demand a popularly written survey, in addition to the standard works like Salo W. Baron's "A Social and Religious History of the Jews," and Abram L. Sachar's "A History of the Jews." Two experienced New York educators who have devoted most of their lives to teaching and lecturing on Jewish history and culture, Rabbi Solomon Landman and Benjamin Efron, have now tried to make the history of the Jewish people accessible to the widest circle of lay readers. It is certainly a *tour de force* to compress the complex history of over three thousand years, with its setting in so many different countries and climates, into hardly more than 250 small pages. Though it is difficult to say at which age group and at what educational level the authors were aiming in writing the book (much of it will strike the adult reader with an average education as too elementary), they have succeeded in presenting an eminently readable story. It had its origin in a curriculum prepared for the religious school of Temple Isaiah of Kew Gardens, and it seems eminently fitted for such a purpose. The presentation avoids successfully the dryness of textbooks, and it pays due regard to the various currents of the present-day Jewish scene.

It is only natural that in such a book which encompasses so many centuries in so little space, every reviewer will find some points to disagree with. The personalities and role of Jesus and Paul are better emphasized than is the general case in such popular short treatises. The extreme isolationism and segregation of the Jewish community after their first home-coming is not overlooked; on the other hand, it is made clear that it was not the Jewish state in Palestine but the fact of the Jewish dispersion throughout the civilized world and the fact that the synagogue was the center of Jewish life, which saved the Jewish people and Judaism from extinction when Palestine was conquered by the Romans. The benefits of the Roman Empire and of a universal civilization are little appreciated, and in that the authors follow the general Jewish tradition, as they do when they ascribe the seclusion and segregation of the ghetto in the later Middle Ages only to Christian insistence. The adversaries of Jewish emancipation in the French Revolution were not opposed to the emancipation of the Jews as individuals and equal citizens, but to the emancipation of the Jews as a continuing separate group, a nation within the nation.

Turning to the present scene, the authors seem to overestimate the cultural freedom of the nationalities in the Soviet Union. They write that the Jews in Biro-Bidjan "can develop their culture as they wish," but that is only true as long as they wish exactly what Stalin wishes them to wish. The authors are naturally much more familiar with Jewish life in the United States, with regard to which one can fully subscribe to their conclusions: "Like other people in America who are linked by religion or common historical experience, the Jews constitute a more or less cohesive group. They do not have a uniform pattern of life that marks them off as Jewish; like other peoples, they neither think alike nor act alike. They simply identify themselves voluntarily, on an individual basis, with those aspects of the common cultural heritage that please them. Like the others, too, their Jewish identification is secondary; their primary attachment is to America as their homeland; to its national observances, its forms of community and family life, its ways of work and recreation." Within its set purpose and self-imposed limits, the little book, which is extremely well printed, fulfills a useful function.

Testimony of the Warsaw Ghetto

THE STARS BEAR WITNESS. By Bernard Goldstein. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 320 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THIS is the remarkable, provocative personal narrative of one of the few survivors of the Warsaw ghetto uprising. It is not the first account of that grim battle. Mary Berg's "Warsaw Ghetto" had been the sad diary of a young girl who was somehow able to live through the three years of torment and terror. Henryk Szoszkies's "No Traveler Returns" was another pitiful Warsaw story based on eyewitness reports from Poles and Jews. "The Stars Bear Witness" surpasses both these books in nightmarish effect because it is written with restraint, with humane understanding, and with that kind of emotional love for their fellowmen that makes even pessimists believe that this world is some day going to be a good place to live in.

Bernard Goldstein, a revolutionary from the 1905 uprising against Czarist terrorism, became later one of the leaders of the "Bund," the General Jewish Labor Union of Poland. He fought the Endeks and the Falangists, two anti-Semitic groups in Poland, as well as the Communists, and came to be revered as a sort of Robin Hood. When the Germans occupied Warsaw in September 1939 he was caught there. He helped organize the resistance and later escaped to this country to tell the story of a tragedy that culminated in the armed revolt of 60,000 Jews—all that were left at that time of more than 500,000.

These men, women, and children fought with a handful of rifles, incendiary bottles, and grenades against what was then the most powerful army in the world. They did not think they would win. Nor was it a mere act of desperation. It was, rather, a battle for the future of their people. It was also a last protest against a world which was suspicious of "atrocity stories" and had not answered their cries for help. These hungry, half-crazed, exhausted people, looking like living corpses, thinking only of death, realized that they were completely, utterly, unbelievably alone. They decided to fight and to die. With the help of the Polish underground they collected arms, they built bunkers, cellars, and communication tunnels; they stored fuel and food; they established fighting units in every factory and shop. They buried political antagonism: they were all brothers and they died as children of one family.

Mr. Goldstein does not spare us any of the grim and horrorful aspects of his story. He describes in detail the gradual fiendish extermination of Poles and Jews alike from the day the Germans entered Warsaw. First the Jews were only ordered to wear white arm-bands embossed with the blue "Star of David." Then robbing and raping began. Hundreds were arrested, mass shootings started, there was an atmosphere of disorder and fear. In October 1940 a ghetto was created in a congested slum area of the city; six people were required to sleep in every room. With "pain and disgust" the author reports that, to save their own skin, some Jewish po-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

licemen had themselves placed on the Gestapo payroll. Every month 6,000 to 7,000 people died from typhoid and typhus. Meanwhile feasting, drinking, and carousing went on in restaurants to the rhythm of jazz bands. Streets were strewn with naked, paper-covered corpses. In April 1942 thousands of persons suspected of political activity were dragged out of their ghetto houses and shot on the spot. In July mass deportations followed. Soon 310,000 Jews were removed—to be gassed. The head of the Jewish community took poison. Mr. Goldstein went from one hiding place to another, until the finale came: the long awaited "battle."

When the Russians came to Warsaw in January 1945 they found a city of ruins; of the ghetto only some walls were standing. Today Warsaw is still licking its wounds. But the time may come when much will be forgotten of what happened in those fateful thirty days. Those enemies of human freedom and dignity—anti-Semitism and Communism—have since become strong and virulent. This might mean the end of the Jews who are trying to find a new life in a new Poland. Lest the Poles forget and so that we all remember, Mr. Goldstein has written in this heartbreaking document:

> Those of us who survived that holocaust are freaks of nature, testimony to the dogged human will to live. . . . If there is any purpose in our survival, perhaps it is to give testimony. It is a debt we owe not alone to the millions who were dragged to death in crematoriums and gas chambers, but to all our fellow human beings who want to live in brotherhood—and who must find a way.

Henry B. Kranz is with the Army Department as a specialist on German and Austrian occupation programs.

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Voice of America."

U. S. A. *One literary form whose enormous potentialities are seldom completely realized is the symposium. In theory a group of experts, each treating his own specialty, can deal with a large and complex subject far more effectively than can a single writer. Yet the "publishers' overstock" tables of the bookshops groan beneath promising collaborative efforts that miscarried. The brace of books below, dealing with critical American problems of the moment, happily escaped the all too common lot. Thanks to the skilful editing of Lester Markel, "Public Opinion and Foreign Policy" is marked by a unity of approach and highly competent writing. The recently-published "Economic Reports of the President" and its appended review by the Council of Economic Advisers are products of many Governmental hands and minds which should help guide our economists and businessmen through the uncertain years ahead.*

Lighting Dark Areas of Ignorance

PUBLIC OPINION AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Lester Markel and Others. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 227 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by FOSTER RHEA DULLES

THIS brief book is an authoritative, highly factual, and trenchant critique of the failure of the State Department to develop and use the power of public opinion as an effective instrument of foreign policy either at home or abroad.

It covers a much broader field than this one-sentence summary suggests. There are highly interesting and informative discussions of the "dark areas of ignorance" on foreign policy within this country, and on popular attitudes toward the United States among the people of other nations. There are equally informing and interesting discussions of the role of the President, of Congress, and of the Department of Defense in forming public opinion on international issues. But the core of the book is its strong plea that without timid forebodings of possible criticism for resorting to "propaganda," the State Department should more adequately inform the public of what it is about, seek to enlist broader popular support for our foreign policy, and also present more effectively to other countries the American viewpoint.

"Public Opinion and Foreign Policy" is the end-product of a series of meetings held by members of the Council on Foreign Relations, and it is published under the auspices of that organization. The chapters making up the central section of the book have been written by eight recognized experts in the field of public opinion. What might under other circumstances have been a confused and repetitive symposium has, however, been given unusual unity and coherence by the able editing of Mr. Markel. His introduction and conclusion are marvels of compact condensation in summarizing the material and observations of the other authors, and in bringing the major issues into sharp focus.

The approach to the role of government agencies dealing with public opinion is perhaps best suggested by the titles given to these separate chapters. They are respectively "The Number One Voice," "The Mirror Called Congress," "When the Big Guns Speak," and "More than Diplomacy." Stress is laid on the lack of coordination among these agencies, the primary importance of Presidential leadership, Congressional niggardliness in appropriations for public information facilities, and the State Department's basic but all too often neglected responsibilities. One further problem is also emphasized which to this reviewer seems of even greater significance.

> The influence of the military on public opinion—a necessary influence in the atomic age [it is stated], has reached the point today where it is time to call a halt. The military view-point does not dominate public opinion, but, essential though it is, it has reached a point where much further extension of it could be dangerous at home and abroad.

In the light of the world position of the United States and the recent signature of the North Atlantic Pact, the importance of an informed public opinion on foreign policy can hardly be disputed. We are engaged in an ideological war with Soviet Russia. Nothing can be more essential than to make certain that the American people know the facts and reasons behind our foreign policy, and that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our purposes are understood abroad. We shall fail completely to maintain the peace for which we are so desperately striving if our policies either lose the backing of the American public, or the other peoples of the world are misled into interpreting them as imperialistic and aggressive.

This book is eminently worth-while reading for the general public. It should be required reading for all Congressmen, Army and Navy officials, and members of the State Department.

Foster Rhea Dulles, professor of history at Ohio State University, is author of "Forty Years of American-Japanese Relations." His "Labor in America" was published last month.

The Nation on the Record

THE ECONOMIC REPORTS OF THE PRESIDENT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 333 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALVIN H. HANSEN

THIS volume brings together, in convenient and attractive form, all five "Economic Reports of the President" thus far issued under the Employment Act of 1946.

The "President's Economic Report," it is no exaggeration to say, has become, in the three short years since its inception, the most important economic document of our time. It serves as map and chart from which one can see more clearly where the American economy stands and where it is going. These reports are read with anxiety and close attention all over the world. And why? Because the stability and prosperity of the United States has become the central pivot around which the prosperity and progress of the whole Western world revolves.

In our own country, the widespread interest and study of these reports is significant and encouraging. They are studied by officers and executives of business, labor, and farm organizations, and are widely used by the press and colleges and universities. If this process goes on, we may yet become to a tolerable degree a nation of economic literates. Nowhere else can one get such ready information on income, prices, wages, profits, employment, consumption, investment, taxes, and savings, together with a sweeping survey of current developments and what the Government proposes to do.

The Employment Act of 1946 sought "to avoid economic fluctuations" and "to maintain employment, production, and purchasing power." Consider the President's last report. He recalled the boom and deflation of 1920-22. He averred that we were not just luckier in 1948; he argued that the combined effect of affirmative national policies (such as social security, farm program, etc.) together with greater caution in the business community had made the economy more "shock-resistant." Still he warned that escape from depression in the year 1948 does not mean that no further dangers will appear or that we can afford to wait until they descend upon us. And he looked both ways, both toward the dangers of further inflation, and the dangers of depression and deflation.

On one important issue a dilemma confronts the Administration, and it comes to a head in the last report. What shall be done about taxes? The budget of recommended Government expenditures is deemed urgently necessary or unavoidable. Given this figure, private expenditures (consumer and capital outlays) can in part be controlled by high or low taxes. Too high taxes will cause deflation; too low taxes may produce inflation. Now at the beginning of this current year no man was wise enough to say what the tax bill should be. The President (and his council of advisers) has so far followed the traditional policy of settling upon a specific tax figure. This is a dangerous procedure. It is more and more coming to be recognized that we need a flexible tax system. This means a tax law passed by Congress providing an upper and lower level of rates within which the President can determine what rates shall be made effective during the next quarter or next six-month period. Each quarter, the President should be required to report back to Congress with a full statement giving reasons for his action and an analysis of the effects, together with recommendations for Congressional action with respect to changes of the upper and lower limits if necessary. Such a procedure is often (perhaps typically) viewed with alarm by anyone who has never thought of it before. But it is receiving more and more support from thoughtful citizens. Various modifications have been proposed which could make a flexible tax policy more or less quasi-automatic.

Attached to the 1949 "Economic Report of the President" is the "Annual Economic Review of the Council of Economic Advisers." In this review, a highly important issue is raised. It relates to a maintainable rate of private capital outlays. All past booms can be characterized as bulges in the volume of private capital outlays. The volume of outlays on fixed-capital and on inventories has always in such periods exceeded the maintainable rate. There is a rush to "catch up" on new technical developments, a rush to fill shortages in the private residential market, etc. But this bulge of investment leads sooner or later toward temporary saturation. That is the record. Are we in for a drastic cut in private capital outlays in 1949 or 1950, or when? And if so, what are we prepared to do about it?

There are two general, theoretically possible, approaches. One is to "iron out" private capital outlays to a maintainable rate. That has never been done in the past, and we are not doing it now. Moreover, strong arguments can be advanced against such a policy. The second approach is to recognize the fact that we are now having (as so often in the past) a surge of capital formation which is not maintainable for long, and to prepare to offset its decline by means of a strong anti-cyclical program. Without such a program, once the investment surge is over, income, employment, and consumption can fall with astounding speed, along with the decline in capital outlays.

The President and his council are quite right when they see the problem of stability and progress, not in terms of fiscal policy alone, but rather in terms of a many-sided program both long-range and short-range. But despite all the important structural reforms, we are none the less having an old-fashioned boom. Now it is not possible to escape the fact that a boom, fed from a non-maintainable investment spurt, represents a distorted, unbalanced economy, including a distortion of the cost-price-profit structure. Nor can this distortion be removed so long as the abnormal investment spurt remains. Especially if the price level flattens out, we shall be in danger of thinking, as in the "new era" of the Twenties, that we have a balanced economy at the very moment when it is seriously distorted by an investment bulge. The council's annual review has an excellent discussion of this problem, but I feel it is a little too complacent about the prospect, particularly with respect to the cyclical aspect. Long-run adjustments, however desirable, are not likely to remove this distortion. It will persist so long as these intermittent surges persist.

Alvin H. Hansen, Lucius N. Littauer Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University, is author of "America's Role in the World Economy" and other books.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *One after the other the causes for social discontent in this country are used as the subject matter for novels. This week, in "The Journey of Simon McKeever" Albert Maltz writes about the tragic lot of a genial old man in a California home for the aged. "They Never Had It So Good" by Albert Gies reveals that the Army abroad was full of racketeering crooks. In the midst of the absorbing fantasy in Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery" there are a group of stories of Jewish and Negro suffering. In "The Road Between" James T. Farrell continues in a third volume the somewhat unprofitable adventures of the young writer who once ran away with a girl whose father had a funeral parlor. If you want relief from this gritty fare, try Negley Farson's "The Sons of Noah" or MacKinlay Kantor's novel of an American family.*

Relief in Calif.

THE JOURNEY OF SIMON McKEEVER. By Albert Maltz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1949. 249 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

NEITHER social security nor old-age relief is as yet the answer to the problem of the dependent aged. The theory that self-denial or thrift practised during the productive years is un-American, even obscene, still persists, and the demand that financial security be a free bonus paid at the end of life is an increasingly popular dream.

Simon McKeever, Albert Maltz's likable seventy-three-year-old hero, is receiving fifty-five dollars a month from the State of California. It is only after finishing the moving and warm-hearted story of Simon that the soft-hearted reader is likely to remember—when his head resumes functioning—that old Mr. McKeever lost his wife and only child when a young man; that he made good wages over a long period of years, and that, although he had no one to support but himself, he apparently felt no obligation to save a farthing.

However, as is usual in these cases, we are faced with Simon's present condition. He is living, when we meet him, in the Thomas Finney Rest Home where his state check pays for his board, lodging, medical attention, and one can of pretty terrible tobacco a week. A chance acquaintance in a drugstore furnishes him, the victim of chronic arthritis, with the name and address of a woman physician in Los Angeles who will, he is assured, be able to cure him.

From that moment Simon is convinced that if he can make the journey to her, he will be made whole again and can go back to work. His escape from the home is a masterpiece of conspiracy engineered with the help of friendly inmates who contribute everything from bus fare (counted out in nickels and pennies) to loyalty, affection, and moral support.

The bus takes him over the county line, but from there on he has to hitch-hike and in two instances his trust in human nature is rudely jolted. But an octogenarian motoring couple who give him his final lift also provide him with ambition, hope, and an outlook for the future, three gifts no old gentleman ever needed more.

For the doctor's verdict is that his case is incurable. Simon returns to the home—but as a new man. Fortified by recent contact with the world, he draws up a "contract" with the manager of the home that will in effect right his real and fancied wrongs.

Mr. Maltz makes his old men appealingly real. And like their prototypes in actual life they display a number of irritating traits such as a belief in their ability to judge women and a pathetic pride in the memory of their sexual valor, which is possibly not too reliable. Most convincing of all is Simon's concentration on his own wishes and needs. A strong union man and presumably a stickler for overtime rules, he has no hesitation about arousing the Los Angeles doctor at half past ten o'clock at night, although her house is dark. He allows her maid to assume that he is an emergency case and when the doctor turns on him in anger, he is hurt. She relents, of course, and gives him the examination without fee. When they are old and tired and sick, we must expect them to be selfish, too.

—*Leo Schreiber.*

Albert Maltz—appealingly real, old men.

Josephine Laurence, editor of Home Magazine *of the* Newark *(N. J.)* Sunday News, *is author of "Years Are So Long," a memorable novel about the problems of the elderly. Her latest book, "My Heart Shall Not Fear," was published recently by Whittlesey.*

'Drome Rider

BACKLASH. By James Raisin. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1949. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

IT is always refreshing to see a British novelist do a hard-boiled story, but Mr. Raisin is not Kersh and he's not Butler. He is, I suspect, a well-brought-up young man and his good manners are showing. For what sickens British reviewers and panics British publishers in American tough writing is just what "Backlash" hasn't got. It just ain't gutty.

Mr. Raisin sets out to tell the story of a carnival motorcycle rider who performs on the perpendicular wall of a motordrome at English fairs. This character is a natural, and so are the others: a taxi dancer and a slow-witted, loyal young boxer. It could be wonderful stuff, if told from the inside. Raisin, however, has watched these characters and photographed them where he should have lived with them, if only inside his head. None has any past, any family, or any connections outside of the immediate scene being played. Also the feel of the carnival lot is lacking. For instance: that tightly-knit, rowdy little world is really upset by only one catastrophe—rain. Mr. Raisin never mentions it.

It is always fascinating to speculate on what makes a 'drome rider a 'drome rider but we never find out from Mr. Raisin's protagonist, Racer. Racer just is one, as the author, gaz-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing down into a 'drome with eyes in sharp focus, has seen him. Likewise the prizefight scenes are told from outside: a sports writer's tabulation of hooks, jabs, and uppercuts; not once do we smell the other guy's sweat in the clinches.

In the final sequence where Racer's life, such as it is, reaches its climax on the cinder track at a motorcycle race, there is some good suspense writing but one feels that it will take a million more words from Mr. Raisin's typewriter before he gets all the stiffness out of his fingers and really goes to town. For James Raisin has plenty of stuff. The faults are those of the beginning writer—there is nothing the matter with him that another ten years of beating his head against the problems of fiction writing can't cure.

He knows how to set it up: the hero worship of the young fighter for the daredevil man-of-the-world; the drifting girl who is picked up by Racer in a dance hall and follows him through the story, providing a counterpoint of aimlessness to his case-hardened, insane purpose; the motherly old dame who runs the cookhouse—they sound swell, in synopsis.

The British underworld has a desperate, furious, colorful tang all its own but Mr. Raisin, one feels, knows little about it. What comes out in "Backlash" is the careful observation of a few "fairs" and innumerable tough American movies. These movies, third- and fourth-hand treatments of the real thing, are dangerous source material for any writer. I may be doing him an injustice: maybe his influences are Hemingway and Hammett. But whatever they are, one can only wish that Raisin had not taken over American form for a story which is British in content. For example—a long police chase of the daredevil is not motivated by a murder. The 'drome rider has done nothing more heinous than bust another carny's nose. American readers are just not going to take this sort of thing seriously.

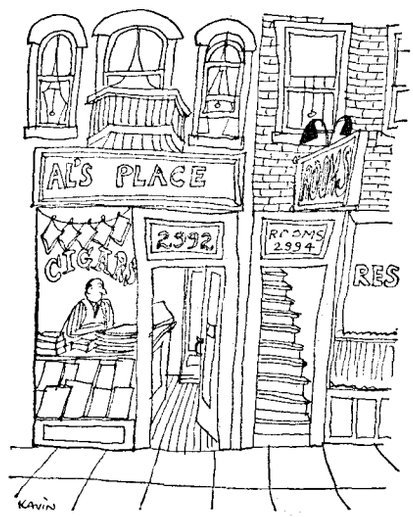
It is a heartbreaking job to write a novel, working nights and weekends on it over the years, and then have it get a review like this one. But then, writing is a heartbreaking business. If this reviewer had a skilled trade, as Mr. Raisin has—he works at the manufacture of surgical appliances—, this reviewer might not have become a writer at all.

William Lindsay Gresham is author of "Nightmare Alley," a novel with an American carnival background. His newest book, "Limbo Tower," has just been published by Rinehart.

Life off Union Square

THE ROAD BETWEEN. By James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1949. 476 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MILTON CRANE



IN "THE ROAD BETWEEN" James Farrell continues the story of his young novelist, Bernard Carr, whose biography he began three years ago in "Bernard Clare." Between volumes one and two the hero has changed his name, because the publication of "Bernard Clare" stimulated an actual Bernard Clare to bring suit for libel against Mr. Farrell and the publishers. (It is somehow strange to discover so purely practical a reason for all those coy disavowals with which half our novels and films begin.) But Carr or Clare, there is no mistaking the sensitive, budding young writer who grew up on Chicago's South Side, attended the University of Chicago, solicited advertising for Moynahan's *Blue Book,* took a job in a funeral parlor, and eloped to New York with the undertaker's daughter. And there will probably be no end to this *Künstler-roman* until Mr. Farrell carries his hero's fortunes down to the present hour.

At the rate employed in "The Road Between," we can apparently look forward to a long series of novels. For the book begins with Bernard and his wife, Elizabeth, unhappily settled in a small, dingy room off Union Square, and narrates the events of their life together during the year 1932. At the beginning of the year, Bernard is making a miserable living by reviewing books for a newspaper, while awaiting the publication of his first novel, "The Father." The book appears and is roughly handled by the very newspaper which publishes Bernard's own rough reviews of other novels. There are other repercussions: the families of Bernard and Elizabeth are profoundly shocked by the book, and the elder Carr is horrified by what he takes to be a portrait of himself.

Now Bernard finds himself without resources, at the same time that Elizabeth learns that she is pregnant. At the nadir of their fortunes, while Bernard is working in a hash joint, he succeeds in selling a short story and at once begins a second novel. The death of his father takes the Carrs to Chicago, where a general reconciliation takes place. Supported by an allowance from Elizabeth's parents, Bernard finishes and sells his second novel and wins a literary fellowship. Elizabeth's child is stillborn, and. at the close of the book, the Carrs are preparing to leave for Paris.

The book is, on the whole, as uninteresting as this account of it, and for the same reasons. Event follows event almost without discrimination or emphasis. And the flatness of Mr. Farrell's prose (which is both its greatest strength and its greatest weakness) does nothing to relieve or point up the action. The novel becomes, in the worst sense, a history—a chronicle of *choses vues,* put together not with art but, as it were, by main force.

Seen in retrospect, the excellence of the Studs Lonigan trilogy and the best of the short stories seems clearly to lie in Mr. Farrell's ability to present material of profound intrinsic interest in such fashion that it explains itself, makes its own points, underlines its implications without external aid. Given material of dubious interests, the same technique grinds inexorably and produces "The Road Between." The best parts of the novel, which succeed almost in spite of their context, describe Bernard's flirtation with the Communists. And this episode, or series of episodes, is related to the plot of the novel only in so far as it shows Bernard's hesitation to compromise his art by placing it at the service of a political party, concerning which he already feels serious suspicions. Moreover, it is presented largely in terms of burlesque, or what seems to be burlesque. The budding Communist critics who are represented in the novel as vying for the title of the American Plekhanov of course have their living prototypes, but they are none the less incredible.

Mr. Farrell, like many another contemporary novelist, is in search of a subject. May he soon leave this unprofitable matter and return to those themes which he is peculiarly qualified to treat.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Man's World

THE SONS OF NOAH. By Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 314 pp. $3.50.

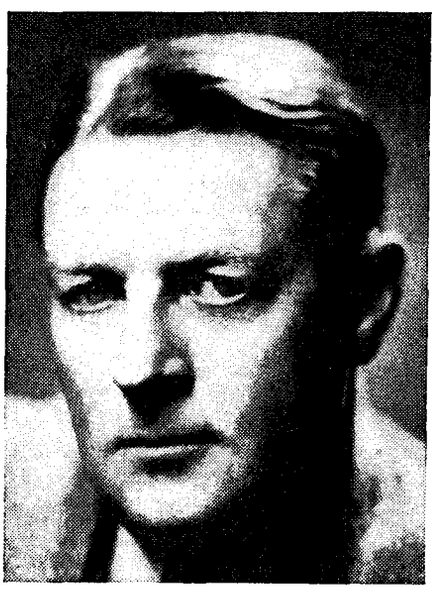
Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

NEGLEY FARSON belongs to that increasingly rare breed of writers whose heroes, like those of the lamented John Buchan, live exclusively in what is supposed to be a man's world. Give them a sailboat, a gun, rod and reel, and the wide-open spaces—and they are as happy as clams. Behind the bars of matrimony or chained to an office desk they have a pathetic resemblance to the hawks and eagles you will see brooding in the cages of any zoo. Since Mr. Farson has lived this kind of life himself, and is in addition a magnificent story-teller, his latest book has a gusty kind of reality that overrides the complications of the involved story he has to tell. In "The Sons of Noah" the wide horizons are no further away from the heart of the civilization he fears than the tidewater rivers, swamps, and shallow bays that extend from Southern New Jersey to Cape Hatteras. His lyrical descriptions of marshes and mudflats and broad rivers, where the skies in season are full of wild geese and duck, are vivid enough to set loose an army of sailers and hunters bent on their destruction in the coming fall.

The novel is inescapably autobiographical since the author has assuredly met all of his characters, with the possible exception of the persecuted girl who causes so much trouble to the two men who have fallen in love with her. The time is in the booming and tumultuous Twenties before the crash. Young Dr. Greer is on the way to becoming a successful and aristocratic Philadelphia doctor when he has the misfortune to fall in love with the daughter of a once fabulous courtesan, now living in the remote and tough oyster town of Mollusc, New Jersey. Since the girl's mother had been seduced by the doctor's father, and she is thought to be his illegitimate daughter, there was a good reason for the young doctor's escape to a sea-going yacht. The man who tells the story is a successful free-lance newspaper writer convinced that civilization, as it is represented by Philadelphia, New York, or the Riviera, is a poisonous concoction unsuitable for man or wild bird. Dick Fenner's knowledge that he is himself in love with Anna, for whom his best friend has an incestuous passion, complicates the relationship of these two escapists who spend so many delightful days together on the doctor's yacht.

This kind of novel demands adventure, provided by hairbreadth escapes from capsizing and drowning in angry seas, the conviction that shooting birds at dawn on an icy day is exquisite pleasure, and above all it demands that the women of the story should be kept out of sight most of the time. Anna is only rarely visited by her lovers, and Dick Fenner, who is constantly returning from New York or Washington to his friend's yacht, only occasionally meets the women who are married to his wealthy friends of New York and Philadelphia. During the months covered by the novel both young men seem to be as chaste as debutantes of an older day. This, too, is in the tradition of the John Buchan novel; the heroes must run away from the women they love and keep free from any other entanglements. Anna is finally seduced by a fierce, old, one-eyed mariner from Mollusc who has been keeping her mother; and life becomes so complicated for the unfortunate young woman that she is sent to a convent.

It is hardly fair to satirize thus a novel which is patterned after an old and immutable model. Aside from the broken and disjointed love story from which the desire to escape from civilization must stem, the reader will find pleasure enough in all of Mr. Farson's many pages. Few writers have been able to describe better the fearful pleasures of sailing a small boat through a gale, or the tranquil delight of a warm cabin when the harbor is reached. The primitive love of nature, of solitude, of male companionship, and adventure are the motives that stir "The Sons of Noah." In the end, the heroes must marry and settle down to the contemplation of their paradise lost.



Negley Farson—a small boat, a warm cabin, and a primitive love of nature.

Sketch Potpourri

THE LOTTERY: The Adventures of James Harris. By Shirley Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1949. 306 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

THE short stories of Shirley Jackson in this collection seem to fall into three groups. There are the slight sketches, like *genre* paintings, dealing with episodes which are trivial in terms of plot but which by means of her precise, sensitive, and sharply focussed style become luminous with meaning. They deal mostly with the rich adventures of children and the emaciated emotions of adults. In these she is completely successful. Even if she is using a story-form that has the New (*Yorker*) Look, she still belongs to the literary line that goes back to Katherine Mansfield and Chekhov.

The second group comprises her social-problem sketches, in which she deals with prejudice that is either racial or social (country *vs.* city dweller), sometimes both. Here she has, in addition to an enlightened point of view, a penetrating understanding of the subtle ways such prejudices operate.

Her final group deals with fantasy, ranging from humorous whimsey to horrifying shock. Her method is to establish with meticulous detail a concretely realistic setting, and then to allow the story to crumble (or, as in "The Lottery," to explode) into unreality.

One of her best is the opening story, "The Daemon Lover," in which a girl awaits the arrival of her fiance, James Harris, on their wedding day. He does not arrive, and she starts to search for him. As she grows more desperate and searches more frantically, we realize that she is suffering from a delusion. The fantasy that arises from the gentle crumbling of reality is seen also in "The Tooth" and in "Pillar of Salt," where New York is the Gomorrah that a young wife visits and looks upon. James Harris appears in some of the other stories, sometimes anonymously, popping in and out of them like the m.c. of a stage revue. In one he appears as a rosy-faced young writer who wants to live in the Village, or as a stolid gentleman-caller who works in an office, or as a nondescript bookseller, or (most unromantically) as a scholar who writes monographs and never reads the newspaper or listens to the radio. Nowhere does he show the cloven hoof that he sports in the ballad, and his lack of consistency

(*Continued on page* 36)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature
Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1949, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

How to Make More Communists

YOU'VE heard the question: "How do people become Communists?" Not all the answers can be given in terms of the Marxist class struggle. To some extent, at least, there are psychological and tactical reasons which may play a part, as the following three recent events may illustrate:

1. In a recent issue, the *Chemical and Engineering News* published a summary of the articles in *SRL* by Professor H. J. Muller on the distortion and destruction of science in the USSR, with special emphasis on Lysenko genetics. In a subsequent issue the *C & E News* ran a spirited defense of Lysenkoism by Professor Ralph Spitzer, of Oregon State University. Professor Spitzer claimed in a letter that a growing body of scientific evidence tended to support the Lysenko anti-Mendelian theories. He called upon his fellow scientists to suspend final judgment pending the development of further such evidence. As a result of this letter he was discharged by President A. L. Strand, who declared that "any scientist who has such poor power of discrimination so as to choose to support Lysenko's genetics against all the weight of evidence against it is not much of a scientist or has lost the freedom that an instructor or investigator should possess."

SRL's purpose in publishing the Muller articles was to highlight the hostility to free inquiry—whether in the arts or the sciences—of the totalitarian state. What was most important about the Mendel vs. Minchurian genetics controversy, it seemed to us, was not so much the scientific issues involved as the intervention of the State in pronouncing an official party line for science and in punishing those scientists who deviated from that line. To paraphrase Dr. Muller, the quickest way to revert to barbarism is to make science and art conform to political dogma, using the threat of ostracism, ouster, or purge to enforce obedience.

We doubt, however, that you can fight totalitarianism in general or Communism in particular through imitation. Punishing our own scientists because they agree with Lysenko is merely giving the reverse twist to Soviet tactics. One of the most sacred of American rights is the right to be wrong without losing one's head. The way to deal with error is to expose it and to answer it, and not to attempt to expunge or suppress its makers. Besides, whatever the merits of the Muller-Lysenko controversy, the fact remains that science knows few absolutes and that its branches of study must undergo constant reexamination and revision. Only the scientific method must remain fixed—a receptiveness to the findings of enlarged research, the pursuit of additional information, the respect for change as new facts and research are developed.

The requirements of academic freedom and the democratic process in the Spitzer affair would seem to us to dictate his reinstatement. Following that, it would be in order to have Professor Spitzer stand up and defend his stand on Lysenkoism in academic and public forums and have his ideas subjected to the most rigorous open examination and reply. This is where Holmes's theory of the open marketplace of ideas in a democracy can prove itself. If, in such open debate, Professor Spitzer can hold his own on Lysenkoism, all the more power to him. But if, as seems more likely, Professor Spitzer's argument collapses in full and free discussion, then his reputation as a responsible and competent scholar will be affected accordingly. The damage to his reputation is penalty enough.

In any event, it is Professor Spitzer's argument, rather than Professor Spitzer's job, which is the point at issue. Making a martyr of Professor Spitzer plays directly into Communist strategy, for nothing is more certain than that many students and citizens are rallying to his support, reacting strongly against the abuse of academic freedom in his case. Indeed, in the give-and-take of the controversy, some of the supporters will find themselves maneuvered into an extreme position where they can be picked off by agitators alert to every opportunity to exploit errors, injustices, and resentments in a democracy. Communism operates and thrives by producing and intensifying the extremes.

2. *Life* magazine's "Dupes" picture layout. In its issue of April 4 *Life* published a double-page spread of photographs of the sponsors of the recent Scientific and Cultural Peace Conference in New York under the heading: "Dupes and Fellow-Travelers Dress Up Communist Fronts." There can be no doubt that the conference was a front for the current

Eden

By Margaret Bartlett

NOTHING can move us now
Save that which is incidental
And less powerful than Spring.
For I have forgotten what I asked
You promised and what
I promised you.
These are the fruits we see
In windows. These are the things
We knew. This
In the fragrance of olives
Is grief grown fruitful
Of tongues that identify mine.
This is the fruit that grows,
The knowledge of which is forbidden.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet strategy of attempting to separate the peoples of the West from their governments as the cold war heats up. Nor can there be much doubt that the originators and operators of the conference—as apart from many of the front-name sponsors—were old hands at rigging up meetings, movements, and parties with ostensibly independent backing and purposes but actually designed to serve the cause of the Soviet.

It is because of these facts, rather than despite them, that we take severe exception to the *Life* picture spread, which is all too suggestive of the character-assassination tactics of the Communists themselves. Many of the sponsors are men and women of great achievement and distinction, like Professor Einstein, Dr. Maud Slye, Philip Morrison, Bishop Parsons, Vida D. Scudder, Thomas Mann, and William Rose Benét. By *Life*'s own admission, persons such as these sincerely repudiate Communism. In all probability, they believe that anything that publicly seeks to ease the tension between East and West is worth exploring, regardless of auspices or private intent. A number of others included in the picture spread of sponsors are without question chronic endorsers of Communist-front causes and petitions.

Life points out that attempts were made to acquaint all the conference sponsors with the facts of life concerning the meetings as soon as their names were announced, but that they persisted in allowing their names to be used. This seems to *Life* to afford conclusive evidence that they knew precisely what was up or that they were "superdupes." We are not so sure. Unless we miss our guess, what probably happened in a number of cases was that the pressure tactics to get the sponsors off the list were so extreme and the threats so blatant that many of the non-Communist sponsors set their teeth and decided to stick it out. Indeed, the source of some of the pressure may have seemed to them to justify some of the contentions of the conference backers.

This brings up what seems to be the central point at issue. How do you deal with sincere, well-intentioned people who may be drawn, through one technique or another, into front-organizations for what may appear to them at the time to be good and sufficient reason? Do you deal with them by putting them into an indiscriminate rogue's gallery where everything except superimposed number-plates brands them as public enemies? Do you cut them off from their careers by putting them on a blacklist for their potential audiences? If so, by banging the doors, don't you automatically brighten and widen the doors of the enemy and help to define and provide the type of audience we are trying to combat? Tactically speaking, too, doesn't such an indiscriminate and wholesale smear produce a costly boomerang, in the sense that young people, especially, may be impressed when they see names such as Einstein's and Thomas Mann's and Ralph Barton Perry's identified with Communism, and may wonder whether men of such intelligence and worldwide renown would back Communism unless there was something more to it than they themselves had been told? The fact that these distinguished people are *not* Communists to begin with is lost upon such readers because of the total impact of the *Life* spread. So that what actually started out as a super-smear may represent the most effective free advertising Communism has yet had in this country.

One of the faults with our general approach to Communism is that in all too many cases it succeeds only in turning a potential recruit into an actual member. Youth and liberalism or radicalism are neither inconsistent nor unhealthy. As an intellectual and philosophical foundation, as Jefferson pointed out, this is almost indispensable. But in failing to make a distinction between honest radicalism and Communism—and the two are as far apart as the poles—society frequently makes it difficult for the individual to retain such distinctions in his own mind. You deal with Communism by exposing its fraudulent claims, by demonstrating and dramatizing the actual and potential values of democracy, by owning up to democracy's faults and then working to eliminate them.

3. The refusal of the U. S. Government to allow the "peace" conference delegates from abroad freedom to travel around the United States.

For years now, we have been spending millions of dollars in attempting to tell the people behind the Iron Curtain what the United States is like, in order to counteract Communist propaganda which seeks to widen the gap between their peoples and America. We've talked about the idiocy of iron curtains; we've talked about free access and free travel no less than about free speech; we've tried to contrast two ways of life—not only in an attempt to get through somehow to the Russian people but in an attempt to dramatize those differences for the world.

Suddenly, we have what would appear to be a heaven-sent opportunity to give the lie to Communist propaganda about the U. S., to show those from behind the Iron Curtain what America is actually like. Not only do we muff the opportunity; we close the door on it as a matter of official policy. The National Association of Manufacturers showed itself more liberal than the Government in extending an invitation to show the visitors as much as they might care to see. What was the Government afraid of? Were there security reasons? If so, then we should have to validate Russia's Iron Curtain on grounds of security. Were we afraid that they might see too much, that perhaps they might see certain blemishes we were anxious to hide? If so, then we must have little confidence indeed in the aspect of America.

In any event, by attempting to cope with Communism on Communism's terms we take the edge off our own weapons and by that much sharpen theirs.

—N. C.

Atomic Age Fables

JS

IX. The First Fragment

ON THE day before the sun exploded two philosophers met in the street.

"I have found it," said the first. "The end of pain, the fall of fear, the death of hate. Why has it remained for me to discover the secret? O these tortured centuries!"

At that moment it grew hotter, and the first fragment of the sun was visible on a flight through space.

The throat of the other philosopher was parched with heat and fear and he whispered:

"Just in time."

—J. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Tell the Folks Back Home"

SIR: Thanks for printing Norman Cousins's wonderful address, "Tell the Folks Back Home" [*SRL* Apr. 9]. It was a courageous address, and if you saw some of the newsreels of Mr. Cousins and his audience as the delivery was made, you must have seen, as I did, many outraged, horrified, and downright unbelieving facial expressions on the characters present—literally shocked out of their wits at hearing the truth spoken in such a place and under such circumstances.

WILLIAM FIELDS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: It is clear . . . Mr. Cousins is an apologist for the State Department.

HARVEY BRONSON.

Nashville, Tenn.

SIR: Congratulations to Norman Cousins for his eloquent, yet simple exposition on real Americanism. So many of our prominent men, particulary in the arts, seem wary of expressing themselves thus forthrightly on the meaning of democracy lest they be dubbed as reactionaries. Smaller minds court the terms liberal and even radical, and fancy that they thereby form a sort of vanguard in so-called progressive thinking. These men must be, however, afraid to look under the beds and behind the closet doors in their thoughts.

Mr. Cousins's speech was extremely courageous when one considers his world, peopled as it's bound to be by men of varying opinions and ideals.

EMILY T. BAILY.

Waynesburg, Pa.

SIR: I have been as embarrassed by the bile, and loud picketing, and even some of Sidney Hook's intemperate outbursts against the conference as by the thoroughly self-defeating visa policy of our State Department. That's why your action seemed so particularly attractive and appropriate—candid and full of the faith so many of our libertarians lack, and yet without the antagonizing frothing at the mouth which only publicizes and martyrizes our east-of-center minority.

More power to you, and thank you.

GEORGE FISCHER.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: Norman Cousins's speech is foul, putrid, nauseating, and reeks with hypocrisy. It is saturated with bunk, baloney, and bull.

His ranting about democracy is unadulterated piffle. Following are a few examples of life in this glorious democracy. All of these incidents occurred in and near this city during the past six months. I quote the headlines which appeared in the daily papers:

Family of thirteen living in one room.

Evicted family of seven sleeps in park.

Family of five evicted from home in a coal bin.

Family of eight found living in chicken house.

Family of seven without food two days.

Blind widow, eighty years, and son evicted.

Mother offers her four children for sale. (Chicago.)

These are just a few cases that were picked at random. Contrast the condition of these people with that of the parasites who "toil not, neither do they spin," but who live in luxurious mansions, with flocks of flunkies to do their bidding, and who spend the winter at Palm Beach, and the summer at Bar Harbor.

Ain't democracy grand—for the parasites?

In the whole of creation there is nothing so vile, so contemptible, so loathesome, so completely devoid of decency and honor as the foul, degenerate journalist who prostitutes himself, body, mind, and soul (if he has one) in the service of warmongers and exploiters. The English language is totally inadequate to properly describe his depravity. It would be a slanderous reflection on the character of the late J. Iscariot or B. Arnold to compare either of these gentlemen with Mr. Cousins.

THOMAS BURKE.

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: That was a wonderful address of yours. You did a good job.

BERNARD M. BARUCH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: May I add my most sincere congratulations to the thousands which I am sure you will receive on the courage and intelligence with which you carried out a most unpleasant assignment. Had your audience been composed of the good Americans who read the report of your address with a warm thrill of admiration, the "boos and hisses" would have been submerged in the waves of applause.

MARY R. SHEEHAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I think the readers of *SRL* ought to rise up in a body and demand the resignation of Norman Cousins as editor. His speech before the Peace conference clearly disqualified him to remain as head of *SRL*. I've put up with his anti-Communist ranting, world government propagandizing, and so-called independent liberalism long enough.

I understand *SRL* has 100,000 readers; if we can get only five per cent of this number, or 5,000, to voice their indignation, I'm sure the present editorship couldn't survive the rolling tide of protest. Who will join me?

ANTHONY P. DOCKERT.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: Thank you for publishing the full text of Norman Cousins's speech at the recent Cultural and Scientific Conference. It is vital, factual, forthright, and timely. Thrilling to read, it must have been more so to hear. Just how much of it will get to the "folks back home" is a question, but it is also good for the folks here.

OWEN H. SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: My admiration to you for stepping into the lion's den and barking so well.

NORMAN BEL GEDDES.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: As an American sincerely opposed to the thought control and slanted thinking of the Russian Communists, I fervently hope that better presentations of American thought and interests in the arts and sciences were expressed at the New York conference

Time for Controversy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Correspondence to the* SRL *has reached an all-time high. This recent influx of mail has been occasioned by several controversial articles, chief among them being "Sensitivity as Censor" (Feb. 26), "Bogus Best Sellers" (March 26), "Tell the Folks Back Home" (April 9), and the exchange of views on Lysenkoism between GBS and Professor Muller (April 16). In addition, readers have been prompted to take sides in the debate on Shakesperean authorship (see page 7), to cross swords with Martin Wolfson over the combustibility of English teachers (March 19), and to match wits with Horace Sutton in the pursuit of parlograms (April 16). Apart from these, the continuing flow of "routine" correspondence—comments on reviews, requests for information, literary announcements, expressions of individual viewpoints—has also shown a marked increase.*

In order to give these numerous and provocative letters full due, we have increased the size of LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *for this issue at least from the usual two pages to eight. The size of this department in the future will depend on the quantity and quality of mail received.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than Mr. Cousins's rude diatribe vilifying his hosts.

Moreover, I think he did our Government a great disservice in intimating that the sponsors, Albert Einstein, Lillian Hellman, Thomas Mann, Louis Untermeyer, Ralph Barton Perry, Aaron Copland, Leonard Bernstein, F. O. Mathiessen, and Jennings Perry, to name a few, owed their allegiance to Moscow. Despite its obvious untruthfulness, it is bad propaganda for anyone to claim that such fine, capable, and freedom-loving people consider Russia's way so superior to ours.

DAVID B. BEARD.

Ithaca, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I realized, at the time I made the talk, that what I had to say was not what the delegates came to hear. Indeed, it was this very fact—the fact that the conference seemed all attuned for a blanket condemnation of the United States and a corresponding acclaim for everything Soviet—that motivated reconsideration of my original refusal to participate. If the presentation of a contrary point of view, however social the occasion, is "rude," then the future of free speech here and elsewhere depends on rudeness. The issue in the world today is not Emily Post but the making of peace with justice and honor. Such a peace cannot be put together with soft soap or whitewash, but only with a clear understanding of the principles that make peace possible, and a willingness to support those principles at the expense of personal comfort or expedience.*

Readers of SRL*'s editorial page are familiar with my frequent criticisms of American foreign policy because of its failing to advocate and support a drastically strengthened United Nations with powers to enforce and interpret world law. I mention this lest it be thought that I am a "State Department apologist," as is charged in one of the letters on these pages.*

Concerning the list of distinguished names mentioned in Mr. Beard's letter: with the exception of one or two names on that list, I certainly do not think that these individuals "owed their allegiance to Moscow." I have no reason to question their sincerity or their loyalty. Of one thing I am certain, however. The prime movers behind this "peace" conference, in their letters of invitation, were just as careful to make it appear that this was an impartial and unbiased affair as they were to conceal their own names, as well as the part that such meetings are playing in Soviet world strategy, which is why the matter of "front" is so important. If all the facts behind the conference were brought out into the open, I venture to say that many of the persons listed by Mr. Beard might not have allowed their names to be used as fumigants.

I believe, however, that at some point the U. S. and the USSR will have to talk turkey if the UN is to be revised. If we get into a holier-than-thou attitude which rules out any meetings or consultations, we do both ourselves and the cause of peace a great disservice. But such meetings, if they are to be fruitful, must be based on a frank recognition of the differences between both nations, and address themselves to the main point at issue: binding commitments inside the UN. Any peace based on national advantage or disadvantage, or the sacred-cow theory of international relations, is built on historical quicksand.

—N. C.

Uncle Tao in Communist China

SIR: In Mrs. Douglas's review of my novel "Kinfolk" [*SRL* Apr. 23] she asks an interesting question. It is one which I asked myself often as I was writing the book and meanwhile watching inevitable results follow unchanged causes in China. She asks me, "What will happen to Uncle Tao—or has perhaps already happened—when the Communists seize his village?"

I stopped the book short of the answer because my story was told, and because, too, I did not care to project it beyond the possible present. Nevertheless a probable answer can be made, based upon twenty years of experience of Communism in China. The Communist movement there assumed its definite shape in 1927. It has been slowly rising ever since, first through persecution and now through victory. It has been difficult to follow its pattern, because the pattern has varied with local leaders in every region.

It is safe to say, however, that when the Communists seize the ancestral village of the Liangs—I will put it in the future for the sake of my story—Uncle Tao will promptly turn Communist. It is entirely possible that he will be the top Communist in the village. The reason is simple—Uncle Tao always takes the side of power. He will gnash his teeth secretly when the ancestral lands are divided and "given" to the tenants. They will be bewildered and privately terrified, but outwardly all will be smooth. Uncle Tao will manage a smile and the tenants will show gratitude. Are they not all Communists together now? But tenants and Uncle Tao alike will keep private accounts of what the rents would have been had the Communists not come. They may even tally those accounts in deep secrecy. It is important that they agree, for some day Communism will pass, as all things pass in China, and Uncle Tao, no longer a Communist, will expect debts to be paid, even though he is dead. The land really belongs to the Liang family and only direct sale can change ownership. The Chinese are not deceived by Communism. For them the fundamental relationships are as fixed as heaven and earth.

I have based this answer to the question on recent history. Certain parts of China's land have been more than once divided or collectivized under Communists when they have occupied a territory. When they had to give it up again or even when, under permanent occupation, the people drifted back to the things that they really believe in, of which private property is almost the most important, tenants have scrupulously paid their landlords the accumulated rents, and life has returned quietly to its old pattern.

PEARL S. BUCK.

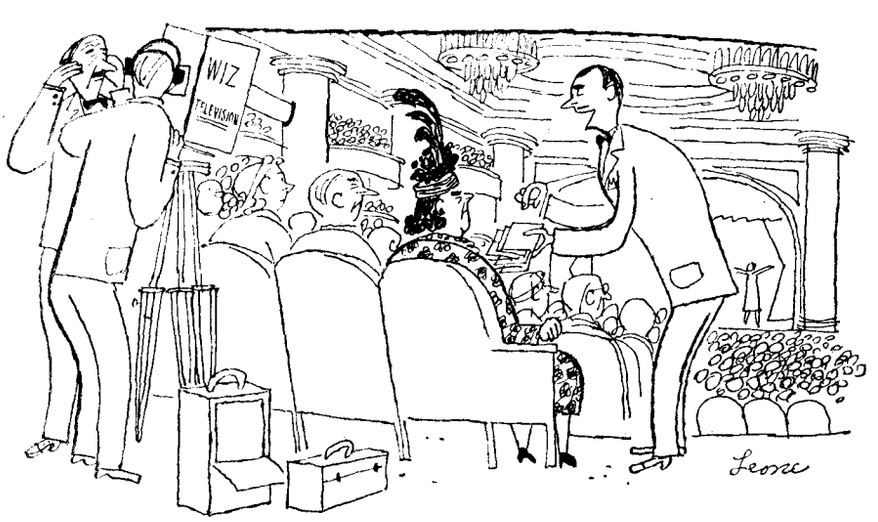
Perkasie, Pa.

"Sensitivity as Censor"

SIR: Having written to you once about Dr. John Haynes Holmes's article ["Sensitivity as Censor," *SRL* Feb. 26], I hesitate to refer to the matter again. But it seems necessary to do so, since I see that the Messrs. Elmer Davis and Elmer Rice—applauding this article—are making the same mistake as Dr. Holmes.

This mistake is widely prevalent, and it might well be termed "The Worship of the Isolated Fact." . . . Many cultural anthropologists—American and otherwise—have noted that a striking feature of American civilization is the fondness of Americans for the sort of disparate and solitary facts they get on a program like "Information Please." These observers have also noted that nothing gives Americans the cold grue so quickly as to have somebody juxtapose a spinster fact to the other facts with which it has a relation.

That Jews and Negroes object strenuously to the portrayals of Uncle Tom and Shylock is a fact. The *other* fact—the fact to which this one is related—is that Jews and Negroes in this country are subjected to consistent humiliations and unwarranted repudi-



"Madam, we have just received 372 telegrams from our television audience all over the country requesting you to remove your hat."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ations. Nothing more complex is involved than stimulus and response. If you apply the stimulus of rejection and repudiation, you get—as inevitably as the sun rises in the east—the response from Jews and Negroes that they simply and desperately cannot afford to have Uncle Remus and Fagin displayed to the white gentile restricters and segregators.

It isn't a question of art, or the freedom of the general public to enjoy works of art. It is a question of the Jewish parent who has to tell his little girl that she cannot go to the camp she has set her heart on because that camp doesn't take Jews.

What is involved is conditioned behavior. If you do not like the behavior of Jews and Negroes about "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Oliver Twist"—if that behavior seems like "censorship"—then you can cease to apply the conditioning. Or, if you cannot see your way clear to ending the conditioning, then in all decency the least you can do is to keep your mouth shut and let Jewish and Negro parents protect their children as best they can.

Dr. Holmes and his supporters are in the position of a man who puts his hand on a hot stove and reacts with indignation and outrage because the hand gets burned. If one does not want to burn one's hand, one can turn off the heat. But to demand that the hot stove should not burn is impractical and infantile.

MARGARET HALSEY.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Please thank Elmer Davis and your own good self, he for writing and you for printing, his heartening "Sensitivity as Censor" letter [*SRL* Apr. 16].

I, too, as a member of America's "largest racial and religious group," have been accumulating a sense of shame at my white and Protestant birthright. Now, thanks to your and Mr. Davis's courage, I can, with a clipping of his letter in my pocket, go happily about my business—which also is my pleasure.

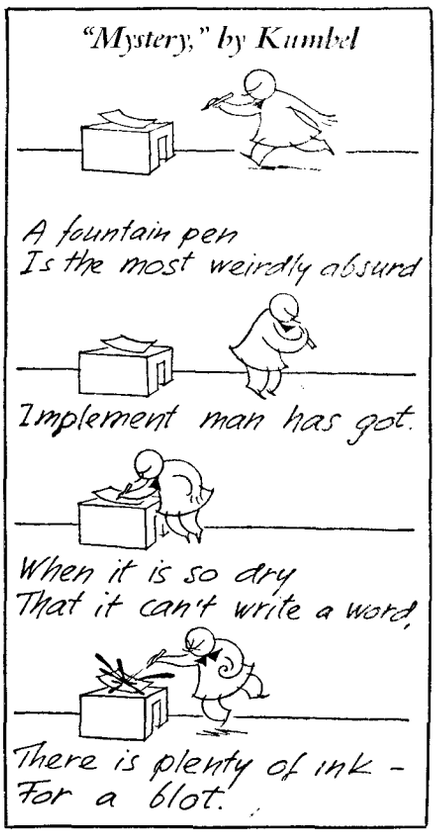
No longer do I feel the urge to protest the public showing of the prize-winning "Death of a Salesman" even if its unadmirable Willy Loman is one of us.

ROBERT GARLAND.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Recent agitation to remove from New York City school libraries, "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens, and "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare, should be commended: my only criticism is that this does not go far enough. If we are really to fight anti-Semitism, we should have a real purge, and leave not one book on the shelves which might conceivably pollute the minds of our innocent children.

A few commonly accepted literary works immediately come to mind. The Old Testament of the Bible, for example, is so full of anti-Semitic lore that I for one cannot see how any one book therein could be saved. As we know from the research of such scholars—Jewish scholars—as Salomon Reinach, the actual authorship of


"Mystery," by Kumbel
A fountain pen
Is the most weirdly absurd
Implement man has got.
When it is so dry
That it can't write a word,
There is plenty of ink -
For a blot.

many of these books is open to serious question, and the same is even more true of the New Testament, which I shall discuss in a separate paragraph.

As for the Old Testament, it simply reeks with anti-Semitism. One can start with the completely unsupported tale that the first Jew born into the world—Cain, son of Adam—was a foul murderer. One may even go farther back, and observe the equally unsupported charge that Adam himself lived in sin with Eve, no proper marriage ceremony having been performed. A bit further along, we find the libel on Jacob, a great national hero of the Jews, that he deliberately cheated his elder brother out of his inheritance, and was honored in spite of his alleged act, after a brief moment of parental consternation. We come to the story of Esther, and the highly reprehensible conduct imputed to her by some early anti-Semite. Specifically, Esther, great Jewish heroine, is accused of being the paramour of a heathen king, and of using what has come to be known as the "badger game" to get even with her enemy, Haman. The great King David, father of Solomon, is foully accused of virtually murdering one of his military staff in order to possess the man's beautiful wife: he is even accused of being an ordinary Peeping Tom. I could go on and on, but I shall not—the vicious libels I have cited are sufficient to support my point that, in the absence of proof of these stories, the old Testament should immediately be banned from our school libraries.

In the New Testament, whose authorship is subject to grave doubt, the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John should all be banned. In each one of them occurs the tale, probably a fabrication of Pontius Pilate's public relations officer, that the Jews were responsible for the death of Jesus Christ. There is no support for this story other than that all four books contain it. But even assuming that these books were written by these men, by their own admission they were all close associates in the same organization, and their testimony loses its validity thereby. And we have the testimony of Pilate himself, years later, as recorded by Anatole France, that he had no recollection of the incident. Is it conceivable that his memory should be so short?

Yours in the campaign for antiseptic literature.

DELBERT CLARK.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Do you suppose it ever occurs to Jews and Negroes that their keeping Walter Gieseking out of this country, their attacks on "Oliver Twist," "Shylock," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc., etc., and the consequential imposition of the will of a small minority upon the will of the vast majority has done more to encourage anti-Semitism and anti-Negroism than any character, or combination of characters, in any book or picture or play could possibly do!

Aside from the resentment aroused by these acts is the sheer stupidity of calling the attention of the moviegoer to the fact that Fagin is a Jew. It would be interesting to find out from libraries how many more copies of "Oliver Twist" have gone out than usual. And so on down the line.

RUTH L. YERKES.

West Chester, Pa.

SIR: "Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" We all do. And the encounter is not always free and open. Unless men are willing to sacrifice and fight before it is too late, error will conquer—if not in the long run, for long periods of time. Indeed, error seems to be more congenial to the human mind. If movies were museums and the spectators of Mr. Holmes's caliber, we would have no problem . . . Minorities do not object just to object, because they are stupid, arrogant, and censorious. They oppose "art" when they feel themselves menaced, when it is calculated to propagate error—just as they would oppose art works if they appeared in the *Stuermer*. It is not done to persecute a majority but in sheer defense. Dr. Holmes however would permit minorities to protest *lawfully*, to picket, agitate, talk, etc. Is picketing more lawful than lobbying? If people are not stupid, if the truth will out anyway, why picket? Why not invite people to see these plays since Truth will bear away the victory because it is the Truth. Or does Dr. Holmes distinguish between picketing after the film is released and picketing the studios before it is made? Is it arrogant for minority pressure groups to oppose the introduction of "The Merchant of Venice" in the schools and legal for them to picket the schoolhouse?

Here we encounter a fundamental weakness in the armor of the liberal. He is beckoned by super-eminent, overarching ideals, Truth, art, with little regard for gradations, compromises, time, and place. If "The Merchant of Venice" would be shown at

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Community Church with an analytical introduction by Dr. Holmes, it would take a bold minority to object. But if "Oliver Twist" is shown by the British in Berlin, it is like "putting a whiskey bottle in front of a recent graduate of an alcoholic cure."

Art is not an independent world of lovely forms and sweet sounds—at any rate not the movies. It is part of the flowing circle of human experience, and is in constant reference to it. It has commerce with our daily lives and needs to be interpreted in the light of the problems which press upon us. It should cultivate our minds and perfect our aims, or else be shelved or temporarily discarded. There are points at which art intersects other areas of life, where it can elevate or degrade. In those areas it should have no special immunity. Perhaps that is why Plato would drive the poets from the ideal society. Art is sometimes used or misused to fortify prejudices instead of weaning us from them. Then those affected intervene, bring pressure to bear (not on artists, or museums, but on other pressure groups)—and that too is part of the drama of life itself.

NOAH JONATHAN JACOBS,
Press Control Officer,
Office of Military Government for Bavaria.

Munich, Germany.

Pro Woodburn

SIR: I gather from your correspondence columns that you have heard mostly from the cons concerning Mr. Woodburn's review of "Ceremony of Innocence" [*SRL* Feb. 12]. I am one of the pros, who must be numberless, though silent. In fact, I was delighted with the review, as I have been with many others written by Mr. Woodburn. I fear some of your correspondents read the New Testament through spectacles with a high-sectarian refraction, and that they read life and literature through the same pair.

DOROTHY L. TYLER.

Detroit, Mich.

"Bogus Best Sellers"

SIR: We congratulate you on your publication of "Bogus Best Sellers" [*SRL* March 26]. Like other publishers, we have had misgivings about the best-seller situation as it has gone on for a long time.

Under point nine of this article, your writer makes the statement that "most publishers and booksellers will agree that a book which sells upward of 25,000 copies a year deserves to be on the best-seller lists sometime during that year." In the first fourteen weeks of 1949 the "Better Homes and Gardens Cook Book" sold 139,712 copies. For the year 1948, more than 385,000 copies were sold, and the all-time total tops 3,150,000 copies. We think that this is a best seller in anybody's language.

We suggest that books be divided into three groups for best-seller classification: (1) fiction, (2) non-fiction, and (3) "service" books. The latter classification could include cook books, garden books, and all other books which fit the "service" description.

In addition, we should like to make the general comment that until publishers are willing to exchange book sales figures, this situation will never improve. Production figures in almost any industry are reported regularly in trade papers as part of the news for everyone's enlightenment. The publishing industry remains in the dark ages as long as it continues the "trade secret" philosophy of the late nineteenth century. We believe that there is real room for improvement all the way around, and we stand ready and eager to join with other publishers, as well as the booksellers, to improve the picture.

JOHN S. ROBLING,
Meredith Publishing Co.

Des Moines, Iowa.

SIR: New Directions has been following with fascination and appreciation the *SRL*'s best-seller exposé. Until recently, however, our interest was primarily academic and, we must admit, a little wistful. So it is with some surprise and no little satisfaction that we now throw more fat on the fire of the whole controversy. And this time, again, it is because of another book by the Trappist monk and poet Thomas Merton!

Merton's new book, "Seeds of Contemplation," has already sold over 21,000 copies, and orders are still coming in at an average of 500 a day. Yet it has not appeared on any "best-seller list."

We at New Directions wonder, How long, O Lord, and fixate suspected impostors with a contemptuous eye.

DAVID MCDOWELL,
Publicity Director.

Norfolk, Conn.

SIR: Something should be said about bogus best sellers from the point of view of the poor author. It is probably not known that sometimes even an author—let alone the confused public which must follow the fate of many books—can be deceived by lists. Having struggled at last a couple of rungs from the bottom of one of these, and seeing her book locally exploited as a best seller, she thinks ahead six months—aha!—and becomes royal indeed. She may even hock the old ice box for a refrigerator—on time payments, of course—that the baby's milk may no longer sour and thus embitter the muse also. Gone with the wind are her former sober resolves to love writing dearly for its own sake, hoping only that one book may provide funds for writing another.

There is a philosophy called Minimum Expectancy which I like to describe to my writer friends and to my students. Let us have only the truth, even on lists, for we are able to face truth if we are able to write with any quality whatever.

VIRGINIA SORENSEN.

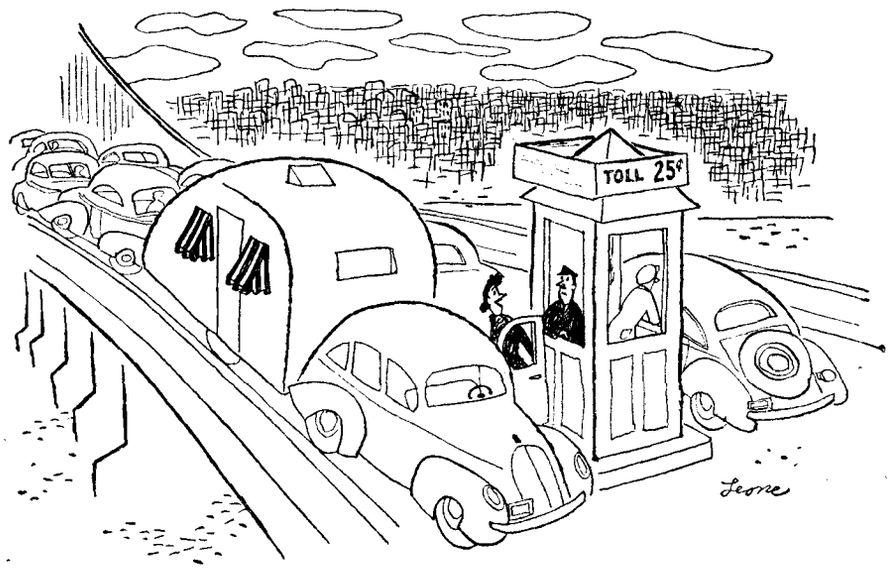
Auburn, Ala.

Thomas Wolfe Letters

SIR: The Estate of Thomas Wolfe has signed a contract with Scribner's and Elizabeth Nowell for the publication of the authorized collection of the general letters of Thomas Wolfe. Will those who have letters from Wolfe kindly send them either to Irma Wyckoff, Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, or to the editor of the collection, Elizabeth Nowell, 2 Prospect Street, South Dartmouth, Massachusetts. All letters will be copied and returned promptly.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK.

New York, N. Y.



"Just a minute! I know I've got some change lying around the house somewhere."

Negro Poetry

SIR: Jean Starr Untermeyer's review of "The Poetry of the Negro" [*SRL* March 19] does not touch on the fact that a good many people may have actual use for a single volume that brings together poems by and about the Negro in the U.S. and the Caribbean, excluding folk lyrics and ballads. If it is reasonable to think that such a need and justification exists, then one of the concerns of the review might have been whether or not "The Poetry of the Negro" offers a representative selection of such poems.

The reviewer's larger concern with the omission of folk materials seems

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be based on a misapprehension. She implies that the anthologists in question don't value this lore. One could get worked up about this. It may be enough to say that since Mr. Hughes and I are now working on an anthology which will contain more folk verse than anything else, we felt we had a right to refrain from mixing it up with a different kind of writing in the present book.

The nub of the whole review is an even stranger point. It is the suggestion that Negro poets are out of place when they work within the traditions of other English and American writers, that their appropriate vein is expressed in the quotation "I sees Lawd Jesus a-comin/a rainbow roun' his shoulder." Well, however attractive such lines may be, however appealing to some the concept of the Negro poet as a quaint, unassimilated visitor from a far country, this is a lost cause. The Negro will be, if he is not already, an American of the common garden variety. Everything he reads or sees or experiences will combine to make him that way. It is not a matter of election or choice. It is inevitable. If the poetry he has composed in this role is or is not of standard quality, the only thing to do under the circumstances is to point this out and say wherein it succeeds or fails and why. There is no need of wincing.

ARNA BONTEMPS.

Nashville, Tenn.

Lysenkoism

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In* SRL *of April 16 we published a defense of Lysenkoism, the official Communist genetics theory, by George Bernard Shaw, together with a rebuttal by Professor H. J. Muller, of the University of Indiana. The two articles have occasioned considerable comment, of which the following is a sampling.*

SIR: In connection with the discussion of Lysenkoism, we might, I think, pause to think of Goethe's statement that "truth is that which serves the people." In the light of this concept some of our own uses of scientific discoveries look like a perversion of the truth.

HELEN MOUNTS.

Redlands, Calif.

SIR: The debate between Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. J. Muller is an illuminating example of where the religious fanaticism of a Communist, even so distinguished a one as Mr. Shaw, leads to. To reach his weird conclusions he makes Darwin anti-Darwin, Marx anti-Marx, Lysenko anti-determinist and anti-materialist, and himself perforce anti-Shavian. The martyrdom of Communism indeed! . . . . Acquired characteristics inherited? The Jews have been circumcising their children for four thousand years. A child born circumcised has yet to be heard of. And this is a province where divine intervention might reasonably be expected to be manifested. If the old gentleman has nothing better to say he had better go. Otherwise he is in grave danger of becoming a Christian Scientist and denying physiology.

J. L. MAGED.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I hope that Professor Muller will be informed through your columns that some of your readers do have the patience to be bothered with intricacies. It is grimly amusing to see Muller unconsciously go so far toward substantiating Shaw's charge in his preface to "Saint Joan" that the infallibility claimed by modern science makes the Pope appear to be grovelling in the mud of humility.

Most of us have no desire to attack the freedom of science. However, when science is capable of producing atomic bombs and placing materials for biological warfare in the hands of military men, Shaw and everyone else has a legitimate interest in the doings of scientists.

Furthermore, Muller is inconsistent when he claims for himself the right to criticize the exercise of power by governments. I believe that all men should assume that right, but if a scientist feels that a layman presumes in discussing exact sciences, should this scientist not hesitate to discuss the problems of a field in which he is a layman? It is clear that Shaw, Muller, and everyone else feel justified in stepping outside their specialized fields when they feel that their welfare is affected. Therefore, the space used by Muller to show Shaw's incompetence is beside the point. Whether or not Lysenko's theory is sound does not depend upon "Shaw's *unfortunate stands against vaccination*," etc. The conduct of the Russian Government has no bearing on such *validity either*—even if the wildest charges of Russian oppression are true. I object when the Russians insist that their scientists support Lysenko; I object when the University of Oregon dismisses a professor for supporting Lysenko. But I am not ready to believe that either oppression affects the validity of the particular scientific theory in question.

. . . Shaw tells us that Lysenko has found it "possible to extend the area of soil cultivation by breeding strains of wheat that flourish in a sub-Arctic climate, and transmit this acquired characteristic to its seed." After five readings of Muller's rebuttal I do not find a denial of this statement. Why?

GORDON FOLSOM.

Durham, N. H.

SIR: Did GBS tell Muller off! Got him so confused he'll need six months to realign his thinking. GBS probably chuckled when he wrote that "no state can tolerate" fatalism. But poor, earnest-minded Muller actually took Shaw seriously!

WILLIAM S. MAXWELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Your debaters suggest motives which the rulers of Russia may have for insisting that Lysenko has the only truth about genetics. I doubt if they have got to the fundamental motive.

Wherever there has been war or oppression, these have tended to kill off men of desirable qualities and to leave the less desirable to propagate. The harm that has resulted to the race cannot be computed. The rule that the way to keep an unruly people under is to cut off every head that stands out above the rest was formulated in Greece and Rome, we are told, before Greek or Roman history began to be written. But the policy of weeding out the best was never before applied so sweepingly as in Russia recently. They weeded out not merely the patricians, whose intrinsic superiority to the plebeians has been disputed from time immemorial, or the bankers, who might well seem an unhealthy stock to men who aimed at abolishing money, but, for instance, every farmer who had got so far ahead as to have occasion to hire help.

This cannot have been done without some debate in the governing councils. There cannot but have been some who objected that this would deteriorate the nation by breeding only from the less able. To this the reply can only have been "These men have no such intrinsic superiority: we can raise just as good a stock from any of the people by giving them a chance

to develop." The latter view conspicuously prevailed in practice. Its supporters can only have justified themselves theoretically by insisting that their view was biologically sound. Hence their political interest required that Lysenkoism should be the truth.

Meanwhile, when one side claims that there can be no inheritance of acquired characteristics, and the other side claims that in this or that case there was inheritance of a quality that was not a spontaneous variation, it looks as though each was trying to prove a universal negative—a traditional stumbling-block for logicians.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

SIR: In their debate on genetics GBS and H. J. Muller seem to be chasing each other around the mulberry bush. Mr. Shaw cites the "fact" that wheat bred to grow in a sub-Arctic climate transmits this "acquired characteristic." This confirms his faith in evolutionary "self-determination," an "élan vital" that transcends rational formulation. In turn, this uncontrollable principle bolsters has faith in Socialism as a method of controlling the condition of man.

I don't find in his article the statement Professor Muller taxes him with, that it is the "duty of the state to control it [science] as it controls all other pursuits." But Shaw does seem to regard with indulgence an absolute Soviet control so wrongheaded—from his own point of view—that it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forces Lysenko to preach materialism while practising idealism. Mr. Shaw loves a paradox, but one or two seem to have escaped him. While Marx's "dialectical materialism" was deterministic to the extent that it regarded Communism as historically inevitable, his disciples have felt called upon to resort to violent revolution in order to bring the inevitable to pass. And, ironically enough, it turned into something quite different. Where is that "withering away of the state"?

Mr. Shaw chases himself through so many paper hoops that it would be hard to keep up with him. But we might have expected from Professor Muller some facts on genetics. Instead he ignores completely the one "fact" cited by Shaw. Genetic facts, he says, are too complicated to interest the lay mind, and besides Shaw and Lysenko wouldn't accept them. So he refers that side of his argument to textbooks. This weakens his case when he sets out, on rational grounds, to discredit "self-determination" as a possible hypothesis. He ends by defending democracy on rather emotional grounds. But in terms of the debate, it is rather like two football teams, each with its own ball, charging past each other the length of the field, and carrying off the opposite goalposts.

Meanwhile a lot of wheat is growing somewhere in Siberia, unaware of whether it was determined by itself, by natural selection, or by Professor Lysenko. For that matter, how do we know it's there?

LLOYD FRANKENBERG.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The bitter bickering over the Lysenko incident seems to be largely a waste of energy—so much heat that there is no light. The real point is missed by Dr. Muller, because in his various articles he has become the fanatical advocate rather than the objective scientist.

What is to be condemned is simply the monstrous idea that any political authority can decide a scientific controversy. This basic and fundamental principle has been lost in the scuffle as to whether Lysenko is right or wrong in announcing that acquired characteristics are inheritable. Both sides to this particular hypothesis have had their advocates in the past and will have them in the future. It is sheer arrogance to announce any final judgment on the matter.

Controversial scientists make little progress unless they understand that their pronouncements are only tentative and may be strengthened or destroyed by future data. The history of science is filled with such controversies. The more bitter the argument advanced, the less helpful it is likely to be. The question was not whether Galileo was right and the Church wrong. Even if Galileo's principles were nonsense and the Church doctrine correct, that would not have justified the suppression of his claims. So it is with Lysenko's doctrine. It is of little importance whether he be right or wrong. Future experiments over long years will give new evidence on the subject. What is wrong is for the Politburo to determine that he is right and forbid his controverters to argue against him.

The attack by Dr. Muller should be not on Lysenko but only upon the Russian fiat. No personal emotion should be involved no matter how dear to the heart of Dr. Muller his own theory may be. J. L. Lagrange was deep enough to be able to say, "I do not know." Let present-day scientists agree with him and add, "But we will fight to keep the doors of free inquiry open."

MILTON ELIAS SCHATTMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Having just finished reading Corliss Lamont's "Humanism as a Philosophy," I am impelled to suggest that it be brought—forcibly, if necessary—to the attention of Professor Muller. If Lysenko is a charlatan and a fool, a dispassionate refutation would have disposed of him. Why, then, the angry, confused, and far-ranging diatribes? Let Professor Muller remember that science is indeed method. Let him not abandon science for his own dogma.

HENRY H. BALOS.

Newton, Mass.

SIR: What an unequal contest between the young hero George Bernard Shaw and his lumbering antagonist, H. J. Muller! Invoking no more than a minimum of feudal worthies, such as Lamarck and Bergson, the lusty champion rode a straight and gallant course.

If Shaw's candor, daring, gaiety, and good sense are to decide the issue, Lysenko can be understood as a normal human being living as best he can in an ideological cage. Contrast Shaw's penultimate paragraph with the last four of Muller. Because he is illuminating as well as brief, Shaw tears to tatters the authoritarianism of Soviet science. Muller expends five times as many words in an obfuscating expletive.

Shaw's attacker never sets his lance to charge. As an obviously older—and presumably more cautious—man, he accuses his young adversary of failing to ride successfully at certain jousts in the past. But who ever thought of "Back to Methuselah" as much more than innocent fun? (Naturally there is a core of earnestness in all Shaw's fun.) And who can say for sure that Shaw's anti-vaccination and anti-vivisection served no useful purpose?

Why should Muller say the "life force," if it exists, is beyond the range of science? If scientists find

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

Dante Gabriel Rossetti: "Plighted Promise"

HAVE you seen, at heaven's mid-height,
In the moon-rack's ebb and tide,
Venus leap forth burning white,
Diana pale and hide?
So my bright breast-jewel, so my bride,
One sweet night, when fear takes flight,
Shall leap against my side.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evidence of it, must the evidence be hidden so as to save scientists' souls, the existence of which they may refuse to acknowledge?

Must readers of *SRL* accept Muller's statement that the findings of geneticists such as Scheinfeld and Altenberg are so recondite that even exemplification is out of the question? Is their curiosity about genetic research never to be even partially satisfied unless the sacred text of the geneticists' actual words is perused reverentially? Even more ridiculous is the attempt to disable Shaw's judgment. Through fifty years of his brief life he conversed freely, in controversies where he earned the deep respect of his friendly adversaries, with the eminent in fields as diverse as music, literature, and science—political, economic, social, medical, practical, and pure. One may disagree with Shaw's arguments—one does so often—but to declare that Shaw has no basis for argument when he does argue is to imply incredible obtuseness.

If Muller is right in stating that the evidence against Shaw's view of Lysenko could not be presented within the limits of *SRL*, why did he not content himself by saying that and no more?

H. A. CRAIG.

Montreal, Can.

"Ici On Parle . . ."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In* BOOKED FOR TRAVEL *of April 16 we printed a set of what we chose to call parlograms, free translations of French expressions. Our invitation to readers to submit their own parlograms has resulted in a deluge not only of parlograms but sprechograms, hablagrams, and diceregrams. Some of the more printable of them we print herewith.*

SIR: *Où sont les neiges d'antan*: what happened to the snows downtown?

La Belle Dame sans Merci: the beautiful woman that wouldn't say thank you.

(or in Italian)

Pappa Roma: dad never stays home.

WALTER D. DOUGLAS,
Alpha Delta Phi,
Columbia Univ.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: *S'il vous plait*: silver plate.

Honi soit qui mal y pense: honey, your silk stocking's hanging down. (Hence its use as a motto for the Order of the Garter.)

JOHN CHABOT SMITH,
New York Herald Tribune.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: *Chateaubriand*: your hat is on fire.

JAMES TUCK.

New York, N. Y.

MAY SAMMIES: May the editor of the Rainbow Division *Reveille* during the First World War play parlograms with you?

A haute voix: torch singer.

A perte de vue: Brooklyn viewpoint.

Au fait: why Miss Bainter!

Chacun à son gout: chasing a son's goat.

D'accord: squeeze box.

Maison de santé: Kris Kringle's home.

Un sot à triple étage: three sheets to the wind.

CECIL J. WILKINSON.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: *Ecarquiller*: reckless chauffeur.

FRANCES R. ZINKIN.

New Palestine, Ind.

SIR: *Bordeaux*: tired of being rich.

Alouette, je te plumerai: throw me your fountain pen that writes under water.

Succès fou: Indians are crazy.

ROBERT D. KEMPNER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: *Après moi le deluge*: you take your shower after I take mine.

MRS. F. B. OPPER, II.

London, Eng.

SIR: *Pas de tout*: Adam.

Blanc mange: dandruff.

(et en Italien)

Bel Paese: pretty please.

(et en Allemand)

Gezundheit: corsets.

MARJORIE WIHTOL.

Red Bank, N. J.

SIR: *A peu près*: vice president.

Dame de ses pensées: never mind the expense.

Rire dans sa barbe: to sit on the fence.

Pince nez: a masher.

Les bras m'en sont tombés: I just broke a strap.

ARTHUR HARDY.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: *A la carte*: on the wagon. (From Earl Wilson.)

DICK MOONEY,
United Press.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: We sat down Sunday and chewed our pencils. . . .

Fille de joie: amusement tax.

Quelque chose: French chain theatres.

E. A. and J. J. AUSTIN.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: We should like to offer the following taken unedited from the papers of French students. . . .

Un petit homme assez gras: a little man sat on the grass.

Elle buvait à plat ventre l'eau des mares: she drank mare's milk on an empty stomach.

Le mal du siècle: the nineteenth century blues.

. . . . If sufficient people study Spanish now I can give you many.

F. C. HAYES,
E. T. BAIN,
Univ. of Flordia

Gainesville, Fla.

SIR: *Ma chère*: you-all can have the rest.

Tout à vous: blow your own horn.

ROY ERICKSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: My daughter's dinner burned while I tried to think up the following:

Mal de mer: Oedipus complex.

Je suis désolé: I've lost my coat of tan.

RUTH SCHEIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Must it be confined to French?

Me sobra tiempo: I'm sober this time.

Hasta dentro de un rato: The dentist is chasing a rat.

EVERT WENDELL ANDROS.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SIR: *Mettre à mal une fille*: daily double.

Savoir faire: hitch hike.

RICHARD WORMSER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: *Amour propre*: holy wedlock.

Affaire d'amour: Othello.

C. W. CARTWRIGHT.

Wood-Ridge, N. J.

SIR: *Fin de siècle*: he's a fiend on the bicycle.

Tout à coup: fun in the hen house.

EDWIN L. LEVY,
Univ. of Denver.

Denver, Colo.

SIR: *Jeanne d'Arc*: bathroom without a light.

KERMIT ALBERTSON.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

SIR: *Agneau roti*: plump Agnes.

Au jus: kosher.

JANE AND JOHN BRATTON.

Johnstown, Pa.

SIR: *Seize heures*: grab her.

Devant la porte: they want wine.

Sois sage: baloney.

E. A. CALLANAN.

West Lafayette, Ind.

SIR: *Tête du vache*: shampoo.

Jolie fille: pretty expensive.

Coup, coup: crazy.

LOUIS SHATANOFF.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

SIR: *Mise en scène*: let's throw ourselves in the river.

Au dehors: stable odor.

A la récherche du temps perdu: research is a waste of time.

Les hommes de bonne volonté: the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men all volunteered to take out the maid.

MEL MARTIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I couldn't resist:
Littéraire: garbage collector.
Lorsque: Academy award.

SYBIL VANE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: *Hors de combat*: camp follower.

JAMES DANIEL.

Arlington, Va.

SIR: *Tour de force*: Army camp inspection.
Jeu d'esprit: reckless member of the Stern gang.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: *Quarante neuf*: that's all the carrots I want.

ALFRED SIMON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: *In loco parentis*: dad's on the spot.
Nudum pactum: S. R. O.

MRS. C. F. WORCESTER.

Wellesley, Mass.

English Teachers and Combustion

SIR: Being an English teacher is my business (and pleasure at times); therefore the last eleven *SRL*'s were piled on the piano bench, both it and they untouched for all those weeks because of "homework"—three or more papers apiece per week for 176 students (so-called by tradition and optimism). Now I have read all these fascinating magazines, thanks to spring vacation's comparative leisure, and am wiser and far merrier.

As to Martin Wolfson's letter about English teachers [*SRL* March 19] I should like to observe that English teachers are not more "sicklied" than other teachers. But of course they should be less blasé and defeated. Their subject holding them in constant contact with ideas and ideals, they should burn with that "gemlike flame" of poets and prophets.

Why don't they? There are several reasons, but they all result in the master fact that all teachers, English included, have a slave psychology. They are timid yes-men and yes-women. They see with lowered eyes and hide their understanding lest they be thought radical or peculiar.

In far too many cities, and small towns too, principals and teachers are political appointees and dare not risk having an opinion or an aspiration to change the curriculum or the methods. When I began to teach I was on fire, but I soon learned to keep all live sparks to myself, bank the glowing coals, and send up a smoke screen of diplomatic compliance.

You see, a person on fire has, as a rule, a tender mind and will be quenched by all the cold water which is poured on him unless he learns to cover the fire and use it only to toast the bread of life for his own private consumption and that of his particular friends, some of whom may be his pupils. The rank and file of his students, his principal, most of his fellow teachers, even you, Mr. Wolfson, never suspect what is under the effete sophistication and the defeatist humor which are his defense and outlet.

We may be stupified by all this smoke, but we are not yet asphyxiated. We remember that Cinderella sat by the ashes, but finally went to the ball and found the prince.

JOYCE E. LOBNER.

Oakland, Calif.

SIR: Martin Wolfson does not know how the *SRL* serves as a spark to light the flame. Through the reviews both teacher and pupil keep in touch with today's literature; they see the reflection in books of today's trends. The reviews also serve as a model for one type of essay. The teacher asks, as an editor, for necessary information about an established work of literature, for honest, unprejudiced information, for provocative comment that will sell the book to other readers. The students become eager for the opportunity to express their views on a range of topics, and they find satisfaction in gaining command of their thoughts, their written expression.

In addition, innumerable articles—such as "Bogus Best Sellers," "Writing as a Craft," "It's Murder"—have been used either directly or indirectly as material apropos of class work. John Mason Brown's SEEING THINGS is manna in bringing students in touch with drama today. And naturally the reviews of poetry and the poetry itself are valuable.

As a teacher subject to human errors and emotions one finds that the world within the classroom catches fire more readily than that without, with *SRL* frequently responsible for the flying sparks.

K. CLEMENS BACKUS.

Berkeley, Calif.

"He says to laugh it up more when he tells an anecdote."

Fluctuating Par

SIR: For a long time I have wanted to ask you how Howard Collins in YOUR LITERARY I. Q. arrives at his categories of par, very good, and excellent. Usually these are about the same for every quiz; sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Surely Mr. Collins does not believe that the quizzes are always approximately equal in difficulty.

Of course, any individual is bound to vary considerably from week to week, but so do the tests, and his figures would be much more meaningful if he had some statistics behind them.

Why don't you have Mr. Collins try out his questions on the *SRL* staff each week (keeping the papers and results anonymous, perhaps)? Then he would have some data. If this were done, it would be interesting to have the lowest, mean, and highest scores. If this is not feasible, I recommend just leaving out the statement about what score is par, very good, etc.

CHARLOTTE DAVIS.

Nashville, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the prettiest compliment the staff of* SRL *has seen for a long time. However, we wouldn't dream of betraying our collective ignorance to the redoubtable Howard Collins.*

Treasonable Doggerel

SIR:

A pox on Four Quartets and cantos Pisan;
I hold poetry still must have rhyme and reason;
And I hold the truth can still be as sweet
If the verse has sense and rhythm and feet;
That no matter who wins the Nobel Award,
These formless will later be given the word
Of rejection as being so much pure fudge
By posterity, which is, as you say, final judge.
I know to a modernist these words are pure treason,
But a fig for Four Quartets and cantos Pisan!

BERNIECE TERRY HISER.

Jackson, Ky.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

ART AS PROPAGANDA

ONE OF the most vicious and unwarranted charges now brought against progressive contemporary painting is that it is politically subversive—m e a n i n g Communistic. The inference is drawn that any art which is not immediately understandable, must have been executed in a sly and dangerous code, aimed at the security of our people and nation. The charge itself, when based on "modern" art's intrinsic character, is preposterous. It is incontrovertibly refuted by the following facts: (1) the USSR has decreed that all Communist art must be traditional in technique, clear to everyone in meaning, and dedicated to the glorification of the State; (2) as long ago as the early Twenties, the Soviet Government began to suppress "modern" art at home, and has since extended its directive to other countries where its power is strong, notably to Italy in recent months; (3) Communist art, in any practical sense of the term, is thus the exact opposite of what we mean by "modern" art.

Even if we did not have the Soviet's insistence on chauvinistic realism so oppressively before us, we could be certain that art is useless as large-scale propaganda unless its message is open and apparent. In this connection, a book lately published by the University of Nebraska has a special significance at this time. The book is David L. Dowd's "Pageant Master of the Republic" ($2.50), which describes the methods of the most effective propagandist in the history of art—Jacques Louis David, hero and beatifying agent of the French Revolution. The book's documentation is altogether remarkable. Drawing on first-hand material, long available to French scholars but never so fully explored, Mr. Dowd gives us the facts we have needed badly to know.

Traveling to Italy in 1775, David was caught up in the classical revival of Winckelmann and Mengs, and during the 1780's painted "The Oath of the Horatii," "The Death of Socrates," and "The Lictors Bearing to Brutus His Sons' Bodies." These pictures furnished Frenchmen of the Revolution with historical precedent for their ideals and sacrifices. They established David as the leading artist of the period, and made the Roman toga the state robe, so to speak, of Jacobin insurrection. But David seems to have known from the beginning that classical allegory was a powerful weapon of revolt only if living people knew that it was intended, unmistakably, as a compliment to them. In 1791, for example, he had a leading part in the planning of the great anti-clerical festival celebrating the transfer of Voltaire's remains to the Pantheon; he contributed sketches for classical decorations installed at various points

along the procession's route, and designed the triumphal *char* drawn by twelve white horses with "Roman" attendants. The people understood him at once and, deeply stirred by his symbolic allusions, went home with the exalted assurance that the way to earn a place in history was to change that history's course.

The Jacobins were soon aware that David was a master of public relations. They gave him complete control of the Festival of Liberty in honor of the Swiss Regiment of Châteauvieux, which in 1789 had refused to fire on the people and was now freed, after imprisonment on a second charge of mutiny. Held in April 1792, the festival attracted crowds estimated variously as 100,000 and 500,000 people. Its republican lyrics were written by M.-J. Chénier, its music by Gossec. But David's shrewd blending of Roman with contemporary costume—the sandal alternating with the *bonnet rouge*—carried the day. And in this fete, as Mr. Dowd points out, the artist hit upon the happy expedient of popular participation, involving thousands in the ceremonies and giving them a sense of personal identification with great events.

David was without serious rival in the art of propaganda mainly because he knew how much inspiration the public could stand. His supremacy was proved by the failure of a counter-festival organized in June 1792 by the Constitutional Monarchists, who sought to prove the need for civic and especially military discipline, using as text the assassination of the mayor of Etampes by rioting peasants. Called the Festival of the Law, the celebration was planned by the pedant Quatremère de Quincy, David's old associate in archeological research at Rome. The public was irritated and confused by the fete's erudite moralizing, and David spoke in the name of the people as well as of art when he condemned it as a "hodgepodge of bizarre and grotesque costumes, which a Visigoth of the twelfth century would not have had the bad taste to put together." The very next day after the Festival of the Law, 1,500 armed revolutionaries defied its call to order by marching into the National Assembly and forcing the legislature to listen to their demands. Obviously David's Festival of Liberty was still uppermost in their minds.

David was never again seriously challenged as the greatest impresario of public pageantry. His formula once settled, he had only to perfect and elaborate its technique. This he proceeded to do in a series of grandiose fetes: the Festival of Unity and Indivisibility, climaxed by a mammoth statue of Nature "jetting from her breasts the waters of regeneration"; the fete in honor of the victory at Toulon, for which David was rewarded with the presidency of the Convention; and finally, the Festival of the Supreme Being, for which the painter created an artificial mountain on whose peak youths and old men reenacted the action of his picture "The Oath of the Horatii." He seemed able to turn his talents to any theme, progressing from brotherhood to military supremacy to Divine Authority in the three festivals just named.

FESTIVALS, however, were merely part of his activity as propagandist for the Revolution. He was often preoccupied with the problem of erecting suitable monuments in Paris, and in this direction his faith in the mammoth puts to shame the aspirations of P. T. Barnum and Cecil B. De Mille. Indeed, it is perhaps a blessing that some of his projects were not carried out. At the Pont Neuf, for instance, he wished to put up a fifty-foot bronze statue of Hercules carrying figures of Liberty and Equality in

TUSCULUM C.L.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the palm of one hand; the project was abandoned for lack of metal. Yet if he delighted in gargantuan effects, he was also a subtle student of shifts in the emotional capacity of his audience. Thus he learned at an early date how to alternate the noble with the macabre, how to make the people look up to Socrates and straight at the naked and bloody corpse of the martyred Le Peletier de Saint-Fargeau, whose funeral he directed. For Marat he arranged a more modest burial. But again the murdered hero's body, complete with bathtub and inkstand, was shown to the people, and again David skilfully managed the dramatic effects. And lest the Revolution forget its dead, he painted his world-famous images of the assassinations of Le Peletier (the picture is lost), of Marat, and of the drummer-boy of the Vendée, Joseph Barra. Until the fall of the Jacobins, he functioned simultaneously as artistic-director of the Republic and first painter of Europe.

If one of the duties of the Republican artist, as defined by David, was to "contribute powerfully to the instruction of the public," a second duty was "to terrify tyrants." The difficulty was how to fulfill the latter responsibility without becoming oneself a tyrant, and there can be no question that David on the whole used his power with a ruthless hand. As a member of the Committee on Public Instruction, he was able to complete the overthrow of the Royal Academy and to replace it with an authoritarian control of his own. Eventually he was asked by the Committee of Public Safety to establish "a dictatorship of the arts," and by the end of 1793, in Mr. Dowd's words, he had "captured the art commissions, organized the artistic contests, and brought the artists' societies to heel."

But did David act disinterestedly, for the common good? Much as I respect Mr. Dowd's remarkable documentation, I find it hard to agree with his by no means dogmatic conclusion that the painter was a wholehearted friend of the people. Certainly he was not a constant one, for when he was jailed at the end of the Terror, he lamely concluded that thenceforth he would put his faith "in principles rather than men," and presently he found himself a favored spot in Napoleon's sun. In 1799 he made the incredible suggestion that in his unfinished painting of the Tennis Court Oath, begun nearly ten years before, he should replace dead and disgraced members of the Third Estate with men "who have since become famous and will for this reason be more interesting to our descendants." As a Jacobin, he was regarded as a defender of the people and an anticleric, yet later in life he declared proudly: "I shall have painted an Emperor and a Pope."

What is far more important than the problem of David's personal character, however, is the question whether his sort of dictatorship is good or bad for the arts. We believe so profoundly in the ultimate justice of the French Revolution, that it is hard to remember that its control of the arts tended to be as narrow, relentless, and intolerant as that lately exercised in Germany and Russia. And here, I think, we come to the truth about art as political propaganda: that it can be one of the most exalted, lasting, and valuable forms of art—but only if the impetus toward it springs from the individual artist's conviction. When propaganda becomes a directive from above, when the painter is told what he must or must not envision, then art languishes and with it, eventually, the society which has forced its hand. In our own country, the best safeguard against such a turn of events is the existence of what we think of as "modern" art, that is, of an art created out of personal horoscope rather than from the pages of an official manual. It is not "difficult" art which can do us harm; it is an art which forbids us to think and orders us to accept.

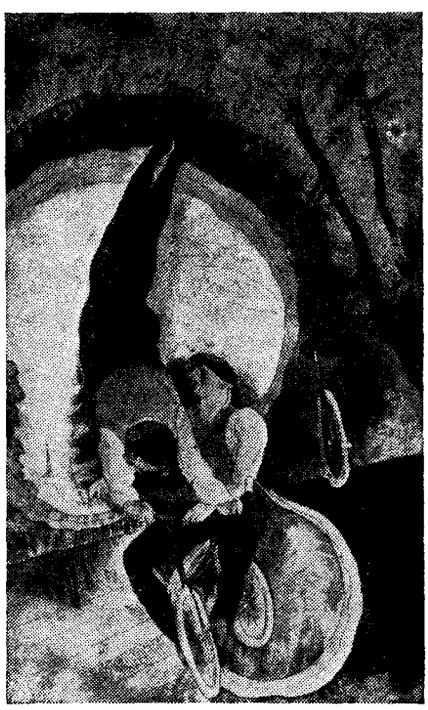
—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Little-Known Movements and Men

CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS. By James Thrall Soby. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 1948. 151 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN COOLIDGE

THE past few years may not have produced any startling changes in contemporary art, but during the past few months there has been a striking development in art criticism; there has been yet another attempt to evaluate modern painting. What is new in this latest campaign are the critics themselves, and the line they adopt. Young men, in some cases former protagonists of the modern movement, they cannot be accused of misunderstanding the objectives of contemporary artists. By and large they have not indulged in the familiar cheap witticisms. Instead, they have questioned the fundamental beliefs and practices of the leading artists today.



—*Collection Museum of Modern Art.*

"Acrobats," by Charles Demuth —"a teasing introduction."

Mr. Soby's recent book is an unintentional answer to these critics. His defense is as surprising in its way as is their repudiation. He takes the values of the principal modern painters for granted and quietly affirms his belief in the importance of the lesser men. "His part . . . has been minor," Mr. Soby says of Ben Nicholson, "but his virtues are his own, and I shall try to list some of them here." Those remarks reveal the character of his book.

Mr. Soby has the point of view of an old-fashioned connoisseur; he has also many old-fashioned assets with which to support it. His tempo is leisurely, his knowledge great; his general culture is wide, his perceptions mature. Moreover, he is too modest ever to make capital out of a happy phrase. But the very position he takes restricts his book. His material is organized according to a negative principle. "There is already," he writes, "too much duplication of subject in books on modern art. I have tried to avoid it here." So Mr. Soby all but ignores the major painters. Moreover, he is wholly concerned with the individuals he likes. The result is a series of biographical essays, chosen somewhat at random.

Such a series can be held together by a consistent structure of ideas, but this is exactly what the book avoids. Perhaps Mr. Soby fears that an approach to art through concepts interferes with a direct appreciation of objects, for his book does not lack ideas. Indeed, he deliberately points out many interesting lines of thought. What are the differences between

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American-trained and European-trained painters? What distinctive contribution have women artists made to the modern movement? Is there a fundamental similarity between contemporary and mannerist painting? Yet he refers to these fascinating and basic problems only in passing. Thus because Mr. Soby will not discuss either famous or infamous artists, and because he will not organize his material conceptually, his essays fail to give either a coherent or a provocative interpretation of painting today.

Individually, some of them are excellent. The analyses of several of the less complex American artists such as Burchfield and Hopper are masterly. Mr. Soby sees these men in relationship to the whole tradition of European art, but he does so without diluting or denying the individuality of their achievements, and also without exaggerating their importance. Equally satisfactory is the study of Klee, Miro, and Calder as humorists. Inherently this is a more difficult task, since all three artists have been discussed at length by other writers, and from almost every conceivable angle. Yet Mr. Soby has thought of a fresh approach and has presented it tersely, delightfully, and definitively. The essays on "Younger American" and "Newer English" painters are models of their kind. It is almost impossible to write on such subjects without being either fatuously prophetic or pompously patronizing. Mr. Soby's modesty is the outstanding quality of his book, and it does not fail him here. What he presents are not noisy predictions, but "tentative personal opinions," and he is circumspect in defining the limited qualities which he claims for his favorites.

These essays alone—and there are many others which might properly be praised—insure that for a long time it will serve as a work of reference. It is regrettable, therefore, that with hardly an exception all the chapters suffer from one serious fault. They are inadequately illustrated, only one reproduction for every artist considered. The lack is particularly serious because so many of the individuals discussed are very little known in this country. Where, if not in this book, is the interested layman to see enough paintings by Matta or Spencer?

"Contemporary Painters" is not, therefore, entirely satisfactory even as a presentation of various little-known movements and men. It is rather a teasing introduction to them.

John Coolidge is director of the Fogg Museum of Art of Harvard University.

Biographer in Paint

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY. By James Thomas Flexner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. 139 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER'S third book on eighteenth-century American art is by far his best to date. It is beautifully proportioned, extremely well written, and strikes an admirable balance between popularization and scholarship. It avoids minutiae, but it is thoroughly sound in its facts and brilliant in its selection of them.

The volume is both a biography of Copley and a running critique of his work. His background is well sketched, and the origins and development of his style are deftly indicated. The dramatic story of Copley's intervention in an effort to patch up the split that led to the Boston Tea Party is absorbingly told, although it may, perhaps, be an exaggeration to say, as does Mr. Flexner, that Copley was trying to stop the entire American Revolution. The artist's emigration to Europe is dealt with from an especially well-balanced point of view. Mr. Flexner does not hold, with the chauvinists, that Copley went to wrack and ruin on the day he left Boston; his distintegration, as sketched here, is all the more heartrending because it was long, gradual, and unnoticed until after it was all over.

The portrait of the man which emerges is thoroughly believable. He was thin-lipped, urbane, shrewd, and ambitious; an almost inexplicable genius for handling paint and for setting forth biography in paint was born in him; there were many things about himself and about his time and place which he did not understand; and in pursuit of his ambition, improperly aware as he was of the larger significances of his own art, he came utterly to grief.

Mr. Flexner knows Copley extremely well. He knows the pictures and the documents and he both possesses and communicates a vivid sense of the personality behind them. Nevertheless, he commits a strange inconsistency, and this is all the more startling because it is spread over less than forty lines.

On page 55 Mr. Flexner tells us, "Not only did he draw scarf and jewel and dress as if they were bits of still life, but he carried this meticulous, almost scientific approach to other accessories. 'Mrs. Ezekial Goldthwaite' contains an exact likeness of an embroidered chair, while the bowl of fruit toward which the sitter stretches her hand is rendered with passionate fidelity." But on page 56 we are informed that "lacking the technical virtuosity that would have enabled him to reproduce the surface appearance of nature—a young girl's dewy cheek, the glisten of light in her hair—he was forced to dig for something more psychologically profound. Unable to describe, he had to interpret."

—From the book, courtesy The Fogg Museum of Art.

Portrait of Colonels Hugo and Schleppengull—"a lively gallery of the bluff, the genial, the winning."

This inconsistency may be part of a larger one. Mr. Flexner was the first of our critics actually to look at the portraits of Robert Feke and to point out the obvious fact that, whatever their virtues—and they are very great virtues indeed—they are not nearly such profound psychological studies as they were once cracked up to be. It is not inconceivable that the same thing is true of Copley, although Mr. Flexner does not suggest this. Copley's best portraits are a marvelously lively gallery of the bluff, the genial, the winning, and the delectably characteristic. But in only one case among the Copleys with which the writer, at least, is acquainted does he approach the tragic sympathy and insight which sometimes bowls you over so startlingly in the portraits of Charles Willson Peale. That is in the "Mr. Moses Gill" at the museum of the Rhode Island School of Design. Copley's human range is limited, and it will not do to excuse this simply on the ground that he was not paid to penetrate more deeply than he did.

Mr. Flexner is going on with his studies of American painters. One wonders if he will discover that, for all his crankiness, oddity, and relative

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crudity, the first great humanist among American portrait painters was Peale rather than Copley. Meanwhile we may be thankful for Mr. Flexner's presentation of the Boston artist and his work, and for the numerous excellent plates with which his book is illustrated. The Copley plates in Mr. Flexner's "American Painting: First Flowers of Our Wilderness" should be studied and pondered as well as those in the present volume.

Art Book Notes

OSCAR KOKOSCHKA, edited by James S. Plaut. Chanticleer. $4.50. This volume is published in connection with the retrospective Kokoschka exhibition that originated in Boston and is now touring the country, headed for a June showing at New York's Museum of Modern Art. That exhibit, together with his recent one-man show at Manhattan's Feigl Gallery, has stirred a renewed and burgeoning interest in an artist who has been content to go his independent way for more than forty years. Of particular interest is a letter Kokoschka has written especially for the occasion. Eight color reproductions and two original lithographs are included among the sixty full-page plates.

THE SECRET FORMULAS AND TECHNIQUES OF THE MASTERS, by Jacques Maroger. Studio. $4.50. The author, former technical director of the Louvre laboratories, apparently has solved a problem that has been troubling artists and connoisseurs for three centuries. He discovered "the formulas" not in an old trunk or under an old rock, but through ratiocination based on years of study and many laboratory tests. This is not a handbook; rather, it is a lucidly expounded history of methods and formulas heavily buttressed by evidence. Mr. Maroger postulates (and here a good many readers will be unwilling to follow him) that no good painting was done after Rubens's formulas were lost upon the death of his last surviving pupil. There are many excellent reproductions.

THE PAINTER'S CRAFT, by Ralph Mayer. Van Nostrand. $5. Nine years ago, in "The Artist's Handbook of Materials and Techniques," Mr. Mayer offered a compendium of information that every painter needs to know. Now he has slimmed down the volume, omitting a great deal so that he can concentrate on fundamentals for beginners. Even so, his book is neither a "how-to-do-it" affair nor a volume for hobbyists. Most of the essentials are here, but it is a pity that Mr. Mayer has not given more data about such topics as, say, deterioration, instead of wasting three pages of photos on how to fill a paint tube.

JEAN FOUQUET AND HIS TIME, by Paul Wescher. Reynal & Hitchcock—Harcourt, Brace. $10. Fouquet's time was that of François Villon and Joan of Arc. During the years in which he was achieving maturity the resurgence of the French nation was taking place, marked by the evolution from the Middle Ages to modern times. As Wescher points out, Fouquet's work faithfully reflected these developments. Although no one had ever before painted as he did, his more thoughtful contemporaries recognized that his work represented the new spirit of the times, just as we do today in retrospect. There are about 100 illustrations, many full page; some are in color.

SIENESE PAINTINGS. ENGLISH OUTDOOR PAINTINGS. DUTCH INDOOR SUBJECTS. MANET. Pitman. $1.95 *ea.* These are the latest additions to the low-priced Pitman Gallery Series, begun last year with four fine volumes. In format they are a trifle larger than this magazine, are paper-bound and saddle-stitched. Each volume contains approximately ten high-quality reproductions in full color. The readable text is the work of R. H. Wilenski, Tancred Borenius, or other British writers of the same stature. Since the originals of these paintings are all in British collections, few have heretofore been available in color to Americans. The Manet volume is particularly valuable for this reason.

MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES, by Samuel Hazzard Cross. The Medieval Academy of America. $7.50. Based on a series of lectures by Harvard's late distinguished professor of Slavic languages and literature, this volume will be of interest almost exclusively to students of Russian church architecture. Professor Cross traces the subject from the earliest wooden chapels built by the Vikings at Kiev. Russia's church architecture, like its Christianity, came from Byzantium, with which it had trade contacts via the Black Sea. Later German and Italian influences are also discussed and illustrated.

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN, by H. Ruhemann. GENUINE AND FALSE, by Hans Tietze. Chanticleer. $3 *ea.* These are the first volumes in Chanticleer's new Approach to Art Series. As these titles and those promised for the future suggest, the publishers have hit upon a novel and rewarding approach to the visual arts: the dualisms which commonly appear in them.

Persons not deeply versed in art will find "Artist and Craftsman" especially useful as an inciter to further speculation and investigation. The relationship between art and craft is analyzed through chapters on differences, similarities, mutual influences, etc. Nearly sixty well-chosen reproductions illustrate the text handsomely, with examples of art and craft confronting each other on facing pages.

"Genuine and False" is an engaging (though of course not exhaustive) outline history of famous art counterfeits from the fifteenth century to the recent fake Vermeers which were fobbed off on Hermann Goering. Here again there is a plenitude of fine reproductions, and the publishers (praises be!) have placed a certain amount of commentary on the picture pages instead of making the reader search through the volume for vital data.

THE POCKET BOOK OF OLD MASTERS, edited by Herman Wechsler. Pocket Books. 25¢. For the price of a twenty-five-cent-cigar and probably in the same store, you can now get the biggest quarter's worth of art book in the world. Ten "old masters" (Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Raphael, Titian, Bruegel, Velasquez, El Greco, Rubens, and Vermeer) are represented by sixty-four good gravure reproductions, and the life and work of each artist are illuminated by a literary selection. Michelangelo's pictures are accompanied by a fragment of a play by Count Gobineau and El Greco's critique is delivered by two characters from Maugham's "Of Human Bondage." But such standard immortals of art literature as Walter Pater, Vasari, and Elie Faure provide the comment on Leonardo, Raphael, and Titian respectively.

—L. R. SANDER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

THAT MAN AGAIN

GALSWORTHY'S contention was that a human being is the best plot there is. But, as "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College"* makes clear, a character who is more—and less—than a human being can also be a plot; that is, if he is vivid, entertaining, and original enough.

Everyone who saw "Sitting Pretty" must remember that Mr. Belvedere was "out of this world." Played once again by Clifton Webb, he remains "out of this world." His unearthly superiority is what makes him hard to resist. No one like him has ever walked this planet. No one like him would be tolerated on it. He is Superman without the red underwear and blue cape; Superman with the tongue of Woollcott and the manners of Sheridan Whiteside; Superman in the nursery, Superman in the library, the kitchen, the classroom, and the stadium.

Apparently there is nothing he cannot do. There is nothing he does not know. There is nothing at which he does not excel. As Mr. Webb plays him, or he plays Mr. Webb, he may look prissy, but he is a man of iron. Irate husbands, bawling children, university presidents, husky athletes, or the untamed inmates of a sorority cannot daunt him. Each and all of them come to heel when he is around.

If fear is alien to him, so too is reverence. Yes, and, for that matter, modesty. Shaw and Oscar Wilde were never more conscious of their genius than he is of his. His arrogance would be unbearable, were it not so well founded. We may start out each time by thinking of him as disagreeable, which indeed he is, but we soon begin to marvel at him, then to admire him, and next to like him. We like him in spite of his superciliousness, his imperturbability, his smirking condescension. We like him because he sails or minces through life triumphantly, as a kind of Walter Mitty who lives his dreams instead of dreaming them, and hence awakens Walter Mitty dreams within us.

I doubt if, when she wrote "Belvedere," Gwen Davenport foresaw what she had started. Lynn Belvedere's knowledge and aptitudes were prodigious in her pages. Since then, however, they have kept on multiplying, Shmoo-wise. Each new scenarist extending his career has added to them. For Mr. Belvedere is obviously the kind of creation (or is it creature?) who cannot, who must not, be confined to one book or film.

He is the stuff of which serials are made. His trim, slim, over-elegant person has more lives to live than a cat. He can go on forever; that is, if it is permissible to misuse the language in the bold manner of beauticians who speak of a wave as being "permanent," or the custodians of cemeteries when they promise "perpetual care." Like the Little Colonel, the Rover Boys, the Oz group, Mary Poppins, Babar, Peter Rabbit, the Forsytes, the Jalna tribe, the Hubbards, the Days, Tarzan, and the characters of Proust, Lynn Belvedere is too good a property to be used once and then discarded.

In the present-day world he has a special place, just as to that world he makes a special appeal. Most of us may be confused. Most of us may be distressed by each hour's showing-up of our ignorance. Most of us may have been forced into being specialists and been compelled to hood our eyes with the blinders of our chosen professions. Not so Mr. Belvedere. All knowledge is his province; all human activity, a dominion of his.

Does it take an average college student four long years to win the skin of that sacrificed sheep? One short year is enough for Mr. Belvedere's all-grasping mind. He has come to a university with what for most would prove an academic handicap. His only previous submission to orthodox education has been "two revolting weeks in kindergarten." Yet Mr. Belvedere, being Mr. Belvedere, has needed no teachers since he has walked through life in his own company. Apparently this has amounted to having a full faculty always at his elbow.

Clifton Webb as Mr. Belvedere—"Superman with the tongue of Woollcott."

Mr. Belvedere reads all the classics, including the Personals in the *SRL*. He writes classics too, because as a novelist he has garnered great fame though no fortune. Dead languages come as easily to him as living ones. If he can play the piano with Iturbi's skill, he can also cook with something of Brillat-Savarin's or Alfred Lunt's virtuosity. His gifts are not limited to higher learning. The altitudes he can achieve at pole vaulting are equally dizzying. In short, the man is a whole empire of talents. This is why, though we would run from him in the flesh, we run to him on the screen. In an uncertain universe he not only arouses our envy, he restores our certainties.

Mrs. Davenport may not have had Mr. Webb in mind when she created Mr. Belvedere. One thing, however, is indisputable. Mr. Webb pops into everyone's mind—and eyes—whenever Mr. Belvedere is mentioned. As surely as the Allegheny and the Monongahela merge to form the Ohio, so he and Mr. Belvedere combine to create an unforgettable character.

Mr. Webb has come a long way since he used to prance across the polished dance floor of the Chateau Madrid in hot pursuit of the Dolly Sisters, with his coattails flying behind him like advertising streamers trailing after a plane. He has come a long way, too, since as a dancer extraordinary he stopped such musicals as "Sunny" with Marilyn Miller or "The Little Show" with Libby Holman. "As Thousands Cheer" first made some of us realize his potentialities as a comedian. On his way to becoming Mr. Belvedere, he appeared, be it noted, as Sheridan Whiteside on the road in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." This is not without its significance. His Mr. Belvedere is a twin (not identical, though still a twin) of Mr. Webb's notion of Mr. Kaufman's and Mr. Hart's notion of Alexander Woollcott. Sheridan Whiteside served Mr. Webb as his prep school for arrogance and bad manners. His limitless learning he has picked up since; indeed, it has been thrust upon him.

If Webb Belvedere, or Belvedere Webb, is one of the more amusing and reassuring comic inventions of our distressed times, the Messrs. Webb and Belvedere must be thanked for this. Certainly the character they have jointly made famous deserves more

**MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE. Screen play by Richard Sale, Mary Loos, and Mary McCall, Jr. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Produced by Samuel G. Engel for Twentieth Century-Fox. With a cast including Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple, Tom Drake, Alan Young, Jessie Royce Landis, Taylor Holmes, etc. At the Roxy, New York.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:25. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:25

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH · WILLIAM HARRIGAN
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

death of a Salesman
Morosco Theatre

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE present
RALPH BELLAMY · MEG MUNDY
"DETECTIVE STORY"
By SIDNEY KINGSLEY
HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOBY DICK in 100 SYMBOLIC DRAWINGS
TO MAY 14 by GIL WILSON
Arthur U. Newton Galleries, 11 E. 57 St., N. Y.

loyal support than he is given by his script writers in "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College." Lindbergh, flying the Atlantic, was never more alone than Mr. Webb is in this latest Belvedere exploit. The final tribute to him is that he manages to keep so frail and silly a scenario aloft for the better portion of an evening which he makes diverting.

There is an elaborate sub-plot involving Shirley Temple and Tom Drake, which is better if followed inattentively. Then, for poor measure, there are those undergraduate types which it pleases Hollywood to assume infest our colleges. They are a vomitous crew: plump freshmen whose heads have only adenoids in them; paddle-flourishing upperclassmen whose own posteriors call for immediate attention, and sorority sisters so rude and strident that they would make a monk of Casanova or Errol Flynn.

Colleges have a hard time of it in American movies and musical comedies. They emerge as junior insane asylums. The wonder is their libraries have any other books in them except comics. Their campuses are peopled by cheer leaders, sweater-wearing loons, bullies, and bra-some babes whose native habitat would be a chorus.

Although the land is almost as dotted with institutions of higher learning as it is with five-and-ten-cent stores, Hollywood never seems to have visited one. Its universities are all Katzenjammer and no culture. They are Ruritanias where everything that is either untrue or only partially true about American youth is king. The wonder is that American educators no less than American undergraduates do not picket the films dealing with them or, in their search for endowments, turn to their law departments for redress.

We, of course, know that what is offered us as a campus in "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College" is no campus at all but straight Hollywood. As such, we either yawn or smile at it, and reject it. But what opinion people the world over, looking to us for leadership or teetering on the verge of persuasion this way or that, would form of us or of our educational institutions in the presence of the sillier sequences in such a film is another and a frightening matter. Perhaps it should not alarm us too greatly. At least not so long as Mr. Belvedere is a visitor on such a campus. Assuredly, he must be one of the best friends and most convincing ambassadors that the Marshall Plan and democracy now have. Any country that can produce him must be able to do anything.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Astor THEATRE B'way & 45 St.

Columbia Pictures presents
JENNIFER JONES · JOHN GARFIELD
PEDRO ARMENDARIZ in JOHN HUSTON'S
WE WERE STRANGERS
Directed by JOHN HUSTON · Produced by S. P. EAGLE
AN HORIZON PRODUCTION

Is There a
PATTERN OF AGGRESSION?
See what *Crane Brinton* says
in the Spring issue of the
VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW
In the same issue—
ARTICLES BY
Max Lerner *Reinhold Niebuhr*
Curtis B. Bradford *William G. O'Donnell*
Warren Huntington Smith
STORIES BY
Warren Beck *Elizabeth Enright*
POEMS BY
Richard Eberhart *Theodore Morrison*
DISCUSSIONS OF NEW BOOKS BY
Edd Winfield Parks *Douglas Bush*
Archibald B. Shepperson *Earl Leslie Griggs*
Edwin Berry Burgum *John C. Campbell*
Walter Johnson *Joseph I. Greene*
Herbert C. Pollock *Ralph Henry Gabriel*
Send 75 cents for a single copy,
$3 for a year's subscription to
THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW
One West Range, Charlottesville, Virginia

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND books supplied; also genealogies, town histories, incomplete sets completed, back numbers all magazines, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of book-wants—no obligation. We report quickly. Lowest prices. (*We also supply all current books at publishers' prices postpaid.*)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. S, New York 19, N. Y.
We also buy old books, magazines, prints, letters, documents, etc. Send us your list.

UNLESS WE ACT
1 in 8
Will Die of
CANCER
No One Is Safe From
CANCER
GIVE to help win mankind's great war—the fight against
CANCER
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
47 Beaver Street, New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(Continued from page 19)

and purpose is, one supposes, ambiguous in the Empsonian sense.

Because of the notoriety which followed the first publication of "The Lottery" a dissenting voice must be emphatic. As a horror story it is a failure. The reasons can only be suggested. The story is carefully built up with a milieu and characters that are unmistakably twentieth-century New England. It is a June morning, and the villagers are meeting for the picking of the lottery whose purpose is not divulged to the reader. They go through the ritual with casual good humor, and finally Mrs. Hutchinson draws out the slip of paper with the black spot. The others pick up stones which have been gathered and piled, and start throwing them at her. The story ends: "'It isn't fair, it isn't right,' Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her." That is the story which revolted or delighted its shocked readers in twenty-five states, two territories, and six foreign countries!

In "The Golden Bough" Frazer records the ritual of making human sacrifices for crops as occurring in savage cultures, and the stoning of human scapegoats in ancient Athens. What Miss Jackson has done, then, is to superimpose a barbaric ritual ceremony onto a contemporary scene. Now in her stories of anti-Semitism and anti-Negro prejudice she is, unwittingly or not, translating exactly the same ritual into events that coalesce with their time and place, and she does so with moving effect. If "The Lottery" is intended to be a symbolic action which the reader must translate, it may be provocative, intellectually, but it is hardly horrifying, emotionally. Whatever it succeeds in arousing, it has at least publicized the work of a subtle and literate storyteller.

Goodness of the Average

THE GOOD FAMILY. By MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1949. 160 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

WARM-HEARTED, vaguely nostalgic, this is a story which moves along pretty much the same way life itself moves along for most families. And for that reason, though it is rather ordinary, it will leave you feeling faintly happy, a sensation not to be underestimated in these grim times of grim literature.

The story of Martha and Larry Barden takes us back to the years following the First World War, through Prohibition and the Depression and, finally, through the Second World War. It tells us, as it goes, of their ups and downs, financially and emotionally, and, especially, of the twins, Kathy and Kit, at first an unwanted burden, finally the fulfillment of their parents' struggle toward the good life. There is no particular climax—except, perhaps, in the crisis which ensues when Kit is pronounced missing in action—mostly a series of small crises and successes of the sort with which almost anyone might cope every so often. Thinking back over the story, I find that nothing stands out, that everything recedes into a pleasant but negligible haze. Martha and Larry, though apparently Mr. Kantor meant to make them a pair of courageous married lovers, are not very striking people. Their courage, if you want to call i that, is simply of the common variety of human courage which propels most of us through life with the conviction that somehow things will take care of themselves and that, perhaps, tomorrow will be different. The little book he has written about them is, then, a statement of his belief in the will to survive with which we are all naturally endowed, his evaluation of the small acts by which we daily overcome big fears, his faith in the ultimate goodness of the average family and its history.

Indisputably, this is a noble enough motive to have given birth to a novel, and one might expect notable results. However, for all its good intentions, "The Good Family" does not manage to be at all important. Its characters, though they lead a credible life, might well have escaped from second-rate magazine fiction, and the solid sentiment in which they were conceived deteriorates, as they are born and grow, into mere sentimentality. They lack fire and sparkle, these people, and the very quality which makes them potentially important—that is, their averageness—defeats the purpose of their story, because it is improperly utilized. There is no effective climax—no depth, no dimension.

Humble Coast Folk

YOKOHAMA, CALIFORNIA. By Toshio Mori. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1949. 166 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

SINCE cultures develop by intermixing and great achievements in arts often occur from such cross-fertilizing, it is always interesting to see what happens when a new strain makes its appearance in the United States. Toshio Mori is the first American of Japanese ancestry to publish a volume of serious fiction. (A Nisei, Milton Ozaki, is already in the murder-mystery field.) His "Yokohama, California" is a collection of short, unplotted stories about the people he knew, his people, in prewar California. Truck gardeners and small shopowners mostly, their lives combine soda fountains with raw fish, baseball with Japanese chess—memories of the old world blowing across the new. Some of them are originals, like the man who hired a hall to expound a philosophy or the man who made millions on the stock market in a game he played with himself and then lost everything when he played for keeps. But most are distinguished by their lack of distinction, except in the moment when they rebel.

Because Mr. Mori is more interested in character than in plot, his people often seem like transcripts from life. Even the occasional lapses from orthodox grammar ("every once so often, she came five-thirty") seem to fit. Mr. Mori's humble folk do foolish things, yet somehow they preserve, in his own phrase, "the dignity that is deserving to the living." All of them, one way or another, try to overcome their littleness—the humdrum job, the small pay, the fear of failure. The young man who gets fired from the flower shop because he insists on selling fresh flowers instead of the old ones is the most memorable case of that stubborn resistance. Mr. Mori's people, who start out being Japanese in California, have a way of becoming universal.

Without getting sticky about it, Mr. Mori shows a deep compassion for these little people, the nurserymen and mothers and truck gardeners' children. He has a way of just looking at them, and reporting what he sees, and making it stick. His tone is reflective and brooding rather than dramatic. Somewhat after the manner of a Japanese painting, he looks for the essence of the person and omits the rest.

Though his masters in fiction are

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably Sherwood Anderson and William Saroyan rather than Futabatei or Lady Murasaki, yet something of the Japanese temperament—the melancholy with its sudden brief flashes of gaiety, the fatalism, the sensitiveness to mood and atmosphere—have managed to entangle themselves in his writing.

"You are in an egg," Sessue Matoi says in one of the stories. "You have seen nothing but the inside of an egg and I feel sorry for you."

Well, Mr. Mori's purpose is to crack the egg, to see inside the shell of personality. Or as William Saroyan says in his friendly introduction, "He can see through the material image to the real thing; through a human being to the strange, comical, melancholy truth that changes a fool to a great solemn hero. With the Eye he has also the Heart."

Maybe some day Mr. Mori will write the story in which he played a part, and which for drama and poignancy outdoes the exile of the Acadians—the wartime removal of the Japanese and their American children from the West Coast.

BTO in the ETO

THEY NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD. By Joseph Gies. New York: Harper Bros. 1949. 243 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEE ROGOW

DURING the war there were occasional glimmerings that certain individuals, in the armed forces as well as on the home front, were approaching the struggle with something less than the crusading spirit. They were approaching it, in fact, as a pickpocket might approach a milling throng in Times Square on New Year's Eve. The announcement that the Inspector General had broken up a ring of more than 100 officers and men who were black marketing PX and military supplies in France indicated that the Army had not been able to gobble up twelve million citizens without ingesting a few stinkers in the lot.

Joseph Gies, once a *Yank* staff man, now on *This Week*, has spent the 243 pages of his first novel documenting the activities of such a stinker, a BTO in the ETO, a big-time operator in the European Theater of Operations. Harvey Bull has no credo but Get Away with It. From the moment he lands in France until the German collapse, he busies himself lying, stealing, black-marketing, wenching; in short, doing everything that a committee of his neighbors had drafted him to do. During the brief course of this volume Bull black-markets gasoline needed for military transport, lies his way into an undeserved decoration, loots the homes of allies and enemies, rifles the personal effects of soldiers killed in action, seduces an impressive number of mademoiselles and frauleins, and ends by diddling a fellow felon out of his rightful share of the booty.

Harvey Bull's contemporaries in the rear echelons are hardly more appetizing. They are distinguished either for their cupidity or their stupidity—both qualities which provide Private

An audacious story of sacred and profane goings-on among some improper Bostonians

THE

Melodramatists

A SAVAGE AND WITTY SATIRE OF LIFE AMONG THE BRAHMINS

by HOWARD NEMEROV

➡ "An unblushingly shocking novel . . . but his display of verbal fireworks cannot disguise the essential humanity and brilliance of this book. It is the kind of novel we have been hoping for a long time would emerge from one of our new writers."—*Saturday Review of Literature*

➡ "It is hilarious with the hilarity that is close to tragedy . . . it will be called wicked."—*Boston Globe*

At all bookstores

$3.00

RANDOM HOUSE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bull with a favorable climate for operations. In fact, there is nobody in this book with a nickel's worth of human dignity except one tortured frontline rifleman, a foot-slogging, weary, embittered dogface who first envies Bull his privileges and soft life, but later realizes that the big operator is as much his enemy as the men in gray on the other side of the barbed wire.

Gies's information about Army operators is impressively complete. Its merits as literature, however, do not come up to its qualifications as a handbook for the unscrupulous. Gies has taken one small segment of the total experience of the war and examined it intently, but even this examination turns out to be a superficial one. There is no attempt here to create Harvey Bull as a product of heredity, home, and hormone—the man springs fully armed from the author's forehead, and goes unchanged along his cut-pursing way. We know as much about Private Bull on page 50 as we do on page 243. There is expert journalism here, and an occasional hint of a comic gift, but the book thins out rather rapidly when we begin to think of it alongside some of the other material which has come out of the war.

It is interesting to note how much of what is being written about the big shooting match deals with the venality of our troops in Europe. Again, after an exhausting war, in which the actual experience of the conflict and its aftermath tarnished the bright slogans, our young writers are concerned with the spiritual, philosophical emptiness which seems to be a by-product of the hustle of American life. There is some kinship here with the Americans who exiled themselves in the Twenties and made Paris the headquarters for a literature which embodied their sensitivity, style—and hopelessness.

If there is any difference between the new crop of value-probers and the absinthe drinkers of the Twenties, it is, I feel, in the clang of challenge which rings so boldly in much of the later work, in the refusal to accept the inevitability of heartbreak and defeat, in the belief, to sum up, that there is something still worth fighting for, and much worth fighting against. That fight, for decency as against rapaciousness, is considerably complicated by the problem of picking out who the enemy is, by the difficulty of realizing that in the person of Harvey Bull and in thousands and thousands of his more subtle brethren as well the enemy is already among us.

Fiction Notes

MACAMBA, by Lilla Van Saher. Dutton. $3. Illegitimate, black, part Jew, part Catholic, Paul Hekke, born as an outcast in international yet utterly complicated Curaçao, embodies in his own person all intolerance. Surely the odds are crushingly against him. Bitterness towards his merchant father, resentment of the whites known as "Macambas," vacillation between the Church and witchcraft and an unsatisfied desire for love consume his hours. Finally a valiant underground experience in remote Holland tortures his already sick conscience so that only a priest can save him from suicide or madness.

Miss Van Saher seems to offer this straight and orthodox solution with absolute conviction. A heritage of shame and despair, innocently come by, is a fearful burden anywhere. "Macamba" presents the problem with native color and an arresting knowledge of this chosen background.

THE SISTERS, by Anne Meredith. Random House. $3. Once more Miss Meredith relies heavily on the period trappings of Victorianism to weave a tight web of foreboding. Where she managed admirably to create an austere evil in "The Rich Woman," she has somehow fallen short of her goal in "The Sisters." An over-all looseness, a rigidity of character, and an insistence on unbelievable motives weaken her drama.

Here are the proverbial contrasting sisters. One, exquisite, charming, amoral, irresistible, claiming, and seeming to get all human favor; the other, ugly, starved, puritanical, dull, dreary, and dutiful. But possessive love and determination win out. The plain woman holds her man, protecting him against the wiles of her passionate sister by an act decisive, criminally questionable, but undeniably effective. Here's where the mystery comes in. It will probably surprise you, though you'll be inclined to reject it. It's usually more fun to string along with murderers.

THE ENCHANTED HEART, by Marjorie Worthington. Doubleday. $2.75. Emily Brown sure was smitten by John Stickney. Never was there such happy groveling in the dust, such begging for more, such clinging to the short summers in Toulon her demon lover allotted her. Winter found him reunited with his New York wife, while Emily, back in her niche of respectability, loosened her braids and bided her time.

They were painters of the late, great, carefree Twenties. Bohemianism was rife: Dank waterfront cafes, raw cognac, garlic, and Amer Picon-flavored liaisons. Sadism added desired decadence. Beatings, tortures of varying degree, culminating in being chained all night as Andromeda, kept Emily, shall we say, alert. But insanity stepped in and love providentially flew out the window.

Never has Republicanism, a nine-to-five brokerage business, suburbia, or a proper blue suit seemed more to be desired.

LEST DARKNESS FALL, by L. Sprague de Camp. Prime Press. $3. Mr. de Camp uses the tried and timeless device of stepping back in time to pose his particularly "iffy if." Suppose a modern American scholar were to slide back into sixth-century Rome. Suppose he were to brew brandy, set up printing presses, invent telegraphic communications, lead armies, manipulate treaties, marriages, and lines of succession—could he change history? Could he bring light to the Dark Ages? Given the advantage of historical knowledge prophetically used and a cunning appreciation of man's eternal corruption, nothing can stop him.

All the familiar tricks are here. The author enjoys the usual field day, and there's fun for the consumer. It follows right along the established course and might do well to jog off to Hollywood. A comedian's dish.

THE AFFAIRS OF FLAVIE, by Gabriel Chevallier. Doubleday. $3. You may not be quite as comfortable reading about lucious Flavie, on your Recamier couch, in your marabou jacket, munching your bonbons, as at first supposed. That appreciative chuckle at stringent sophistication may cease, the knowing nod at flagrantly detached wit may hesitate at the sudden sense of something a little more mature. Or deeper. Or more innate.

Pre-World War II Grenoble contains Monsieur Chevallier's multitudes. They amuse themselves well. Amorality, an exquisite robustness, and a wonderful high-comedy approach make life abundantly to be relished. The self-made grocery merchant holds sway, profiteering, climbing steadily, existing expediently at all times. Nineteen forty pulls this world up sharp. Only the aristocrat dies in battle, leaving the banner of the Maquis for his children. All else is the servant problem and the black market.

Despite the inept title and the abysmally false dust jacket, this book should not be plowed under. It says what the indestructible French alone can say, obliquely, pungently, and with manner.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAS SHAKESPEARE REALLY SHAKESPEARE?

(Continued from page 8)

author was a man with a more than amateur interest in stagecraft. To be sure there is no holograph of any of the plays and no notarized assurance that so-and-so observed him, at such-and-such an hour, composing this or that scene. But the evidence for remains more convincing than that brought against the common supposition. Indeed, if it were maintained that almost any work of 200 or more years ago was really written by someone else of the same name and that all passing references to the generally-assumed authorship were parts of a conspiracy, it would be hard to *prove* the orthodox position. If the anti-Stratfordians ever tire of their game and want something *really tough* to wrestle with, let them try to prove that Swift wrote the "Tale of a Tub."

The alleged concealment of authorship, involving the most elaborate perjury and extensive subornation of witnesses ever known, is generally explained on the grounds that the writing of plays was then regarded as a base occupation, one whose public acknowledgment would have put an end to any possibility of the courtier's or statesman's career to which the true author aspired.

But this, too, has been exaggerated. Writing for the popular stage would certainly in the days of Elizabeth (as today) have been regarded as beneath a statesman's dignity. But most of those who have any serious following as challengers were known in their own day to have been at least dabblers in the drama. The Earl of Derby was known to be "penning comedies for the common players," and Meres in 1598 speaks of Oxford, the great patron of the players, as "the best for comedy among us." Burghley probably disapproved of such activities but it is questionable to what extent the Queen did and there is no doubt that James approved.

That De Vere hoped to clear his name from some vague but horrible disgrace by telling his story in the disguise of the plays would be meaningless if he did not arrange for an eventual, even if posthumous, disclosure of his identity and the pertinent parallels. And to have had any value such a disclosure would have to have been made while the generation that had misjudged him was still alive. Whereas the bulk of the plays did not appear until a generation after his death and when they did they were more firmly assigned to Shakespeare than ever before.

It is argued that if Shakespeare really wrote the plays he would have been more concerned with their publication, instead of leaving so many of them, as he seems to have, to the mercy of friends and fellow actors. But this argument has even greater force against the other claimants. If the true author went to such lengths to insure anonymity, why didn't he go to a few more to insure publication? Why did not he at least correct proofs, for all first editions of the plays have many passages more garbled than any author could endure to see ascribed to even his nom de plume.

Much of the evidence for the presumed authorships is "internal." It lies, that is, between incidents or expressions in the plays and certain facts in the life of the claimant. But deductions of this nature are particularly dangerous when dealing with a dramatist who, to the extent that he is successful, must present sympathetically hundreds of different and even opposed points of view. If it is claimed—as it is—that because some of Othello's actions and thoughts are applicable to Oxford he must have been the author of the play, it may be asked how Iago, Edmund, and Richard III came to be so convincingly portrayed? What sort of composite monster was the man? Or—if we turn

ne of the most distinguished contemporary writers in English

Christopher La Farge

presents seventeen of his finest stories

ALL SORTS AND KINDS

"Here is a really valuable sort of casebook of the short story... Mr. La Farge has divulged the intention he had with each story . . . then, very candidly, he asks the reader-critic to decide for himself whether either success or failure has resulted . . . A skilled and original storyteller . . . very often in these stories he masterfully succeeds."
—*Saturday Review of Literature*

$3.00 at all bookstores

Coward-McCann, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to consider Launce and Bottom and Gobbe—what sort of composite fool? Burghley may have been the model for Polonius, but Oxford was not the only man who knew Burghley and Burghley was probably not the only sententious old man then living. Once this sort of hunt is started some very wild geese get chased. Mr. Looney will have any educated reader's acquiescence when he begins by asserting that there is a resemblance between Elizabeth's chief counselor and Claudius's. But when he insists that it follows Ophelia is Anne Cecil and Oxford is Hamlet, his reader grows uneasy. And his conclusion, that Fortinbras is James I, dissolves the demonstration into laughter.

There is one form of internal evidence, however, that carries much more conviction. Where a metaphor has no particular relation to the character using it or where, as frequently happens, it is out of keeping with the character, it is not unreasonable to assume that it is the author's own. When—to illustrate—Othello says, "Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter," he is plainly employing the language of the greenroom, not of the camp, and is speaking out of character; and but for the absurdity of underlining the obvious we would be justified in saying that whoever wrote the play was familiar with stagecraft.

THE simile was plainly unconscious, a self-revealing slip of a mind to which cues and prompters were everyday matters. There are many such similes in the plays and they are highly revealing of the author's nature, of his likes and dislikes and of the experiences which had shaped him. They have been collected and examined by Dr. Caroline Spurgeon, of the University of London, whose "Shakespeare's Imagery" is probably the most significant of the many books that touch on the problem of authorship. Miss Spurgeon shows, for example, that although there are many images in the plays drawn from falconry, tennis, and other gentlemanly sports (the many references to which have been advanced as proof that only an aristocrat could have been the author), the images from the popular game of bowls "are about three times as many as from any other game." The images of the sea are such as view it from the land. The images from gardening are from the point of view of the worker in the garden not (as almost exclusively with Bacon who also employs many gardening images) from the point of view of the owner of the garden. The author of the plays shows *in his figures of speech* an intimate knowledge of village life, with a special sympathy for the poor and the despised. He has no direct knowledge of war. The craft with which he seems most familiar is carpentry. He is versed in cookery to an astonishing degree, while his domestic images center in a yeoman's

kitchen, the one large room which would have then served a well-to-do farmer or a small burgher for cooking, eating, and general relaxation. The ill-ventilated fire, the guttering candle, the oil-dried lamp, and the mess and smell of food that has boiled over onto the stove come ceaselessly to his mind as tropes of frustration and disgust. Nor are these figures common to his times; they are highly idiosyncratic. They are not what we would expect from the lord keeper's son or the premier earl of the land. But they are what we might expect from the Warwickshire countryman.

Those who oppose the commonly-accepted authorship grant that no one point they can advance suffices to prove their argument but insist that the cumulative effect of their many points (what Mr. Halle calls "the vast accumulation of little facts") is irresistible. But their own logic works as much against as for them; for the difference between a fact and a possibility is a measure of uncertainty, and the residual doubt which attends each of their surmises is also cumulative. The "bigoted venitent" who is unable to accept their initial postulates is likely to conclude his investigation with more doubt of the doubters than of the facts they impugn.

He will, indeed, be a man of exceptional patience if he does not break off the whole investigation with disgust and indignation. The delusions of honest zeal can be excused the first few times, but after one has strained his eyes for the invisible spoor of a dozen of these nebulous chimeras he feels that he has been sent on a very tedious fool's errand.

Take the much-publicized assertion that X-ray and infra-red photographs have revealed a portrait of Oxford underlying the "Ashbourne" portrait of Shakespeare. If it could be proved that the Ashbourne picture is a contemporary portrait of Shakespeare; if it could be shown that there is another portrait under it, and if it could be shown that this portrait is a portrait of the Earl of Oxford, it would be, to say the least, curious.

But not one of these suppositions can be established as a fact—particularly, and most strikingly, the second, upon which, of course, the third is wholly dependent. One would certainly have assumed, after all the brouhaha, that there was *some* portrait underlying the Ashbourne picture. But let any dispassionate seeker after the truth turn to the photographs of these "findings" (he may see them in *Scientific American*, January 1940, pages 4-8) and compare them with a genuine disclosure by X-rays of one portrait underlying another (such as the "Portrait of a Lady," supposedly by Franz Pourbos the Younger, reproduced in its various stages of detection and restoration on Plate I, opposite page 64F, Vol. 17 of the 14th Britannica) and ask himself if there is the slightest indication of anything except a few preliminary strokes and minor alterations underlying the surface portrait in question. Nor is the "discovery" of "Oxford's Crest" on the signet ring worn by the subject of the portrait any more convincing. Only the eye of faith could have detected the resemblance and only the effrontery of fanaticism drawn it in crudely with white paint and solemnly presented it as evidence.

Next to abuse of those who disagree with them, no term is more common in the writings of the anti-Stratfordians than "it is impossible to doubt" or "it cannot be questioned." But men who have espoused one of the most startling doubts ever conceived cannot be permitted the use of such phrases. If we are not going to doubt, then the Stratford man must be left in possession. And if we are, we can hardly accept anyone who has yet been advanced to displace him.

Bergen Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University, is author of the memorable "Natural History of Nonsense" and is a regular contributor to The Atlantic Monthly *and the* American Mercury. *Professor Evans does not teach any courses in Shakespeare, however. "I am a sort of professional skeptic who would have been delighted to support the negative," he says. "I must say that when I began looking into the anti-Shakespeare claims I really expected to be more influenced than I was."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

SO YOU WERE GOING TO GET SEASICK

BALTIMORE.

A LEAN, ruddy, Baltimore doctor, looking for a way to cure a case of hives, has discovered a new drug which will save mankind from a fate long considered worse than death. Seasickness, the scourge of travelers and sailors, the quasher of shipboard romances, the equalizer of invading armies, is now curable ninety-six times out of a hundred, with a remedy discovered by Dr. Leslie N. Gay, director of the Allergy Clinic at Johns Hopkins.

If you swallow fifty milligrams of Beta-dimethylaminoethyl benzohydryl ether 8-chlorotheophyllinate next time you board a ship, or ten minutes before you board a plane, chances are you'll eat like a fullback and never reach for the rail or the pail. The cure for *mal de mer* is a small yellow tablet familiarly known as dramamine. You can get it with a prescription, and it costs about ten cents a pill.

An expectant mother being treated by Dr. Gay for hives also was a chronic sufferer from car sickness. After taking dramamine, not only did the woman's hives clear up, but she discovered that her usual trolley ride back home no longer made her nauseous. Dr. Gay began to experiment with dramamine as a long-sought cure for motion sickness.

Traveling to Europe on a lecture tour last summer, Dr. Gay took along a supply of dramamine. Before the ship passed Ambrose Light he was administering the drug, mostly to seasick members of the American Olympic team on their way to compete in London. All of the athletes were relieved by the drug, and none suffered any ill effects. Immediately upon his return to the States, in the fall of 1948, Dr. Gay contacted Gen. Omar Bradley, the Army's Chief of Staff.

The Army cut through red tape with wartime speed. Six weeks after writing Gen. Bradley, Dr. Gay, and an assistant, Dr. Paul E. Carliner, were invited to test dramamine on a ship bound from New York to Bremerhaven with replacement troops. The Army Dept. assigned the doctors to the U. S. Army Transport *General C. C. Ballou*, a small ship of 13,000 tons, built narrow and high out of the water. Originally constructed as a freight transport on the relatively calm Pacific, it lacked port holes and deck space. The *Ballou* sailed from New York November 28, 1948, and pitched and tossed its way to Germany during the roughest time of the year on the Atlantic, experiencing rolls as high as thirty-five per cent. Says Gay, "You never saw such a mess. Twelve hours after the *Ballou* left New York harbor, the corridors were congested by sick men, so ill they were unable to reach the latrines. Men were lying on the floor, and had to be carried to sickbay by their buddies. The latrines became temporarily indescribably repulsive. Well, within an hour we had these men up and walking."

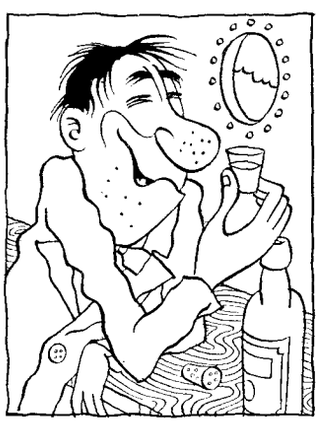
Using dramamine and a plain sugar pill as a control, Gay and Carliner established a study of 485 soldiers in four compartments on the ship. Of the 300 cases of seasickness treated, complete relief was obtained in 288 cases. All cases of partial relief were scored as failures. After the men got their sea legs, dramamine doses, in some cases, were stopped. Eighty-nine became seasick again. Renewed doses cured eighty-four of the eighty-nine within an hour. Gay and Carliner obtained complete relief in 95.6 per cent of the cases treated. The transport commander, recalling the previous trip from Bremerhaven when it was necessary to administer over 100 intravenous injections of saline solution to soldiers dehydrated from seasickness, called the experimental crossing of the *Ballou* "a great moment in medicine." The soldiers under treatment were equally elated, and put on an impromptu show in the hold entitled "From Horror to Humor in Twenty-four Hours."

Gay's discovery will replace thousands of cures, quack and otherwise, which have been advocated for the relief of motion sickness for more than 2,000 years. While some physicians were prescribing nerve sedatives like bromide of potassium, others have recommended nerve stimulants such as a small cupful of very strong coffee two hours before sailing. Some say lie down, keep your feet warm, and eat small amounts of dry biscuit, drink weak brandy or soda. R. A. Bennett writing in the *British Medical Journal* in 1928 added, somewhat forlornly, "The help of the ship's doctor is often necessary, but even the ship's doctor is sometimes subject to seasickness." Sea veterans have advised sailing in the Northern Hemisphere during May to September, the Southern Hemisphere from October to April. Others have ventured that illness comes from eating too much food on shipboard. One writer classified susceptible types as "thinkers, brain workers, women, nervous and fearful types, and Latins," but claimed that youngsters, the very old, and the very weak, the deaf, drunk, blind, phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons, babies, acrobats, persons of high courage, and newly acquainted lovers never seemed to suffer. As for animals, birds and elephants are supposed to have sea legs, but cows, horses, cattle, chickens, monkeys, and the cat family all get as sick as dogs.

To avoid seasickness travelers have been advised to take psyllium seeds to keep an active liver, lie flat on the deck, chew food thoroughly, put an ice bag at the back of their necks, swallow nitroglycerin in 1/100 grain

"Show-off."

"Seasick-on-the-Dock."



"Man-with-a-Cure."

"Love Conquers All."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tablets. Veteran voyagers say don't look at the horizon, don't wear high heels, don't smell perfume, paint, or smoke, don't take aspirin, don't drink orange juice, don't eat bon voyage candy, and don't eat anything but an egg, dry bread, and weak tea for two days before you board ship. The classic remedy which wags prescribe for Scotchmen is that they hold a sixpence between the teeth when leaning over the rail. Horace, the Latin poet, asked for dry wine in huge cups "to stay my rising qualms of seasickness."

Sick travelers have even been induced to find solace in the fact that seasickness also bothered Caesar's soldiers, Lord Nelson, and Ulysses, who became shipwrecked so often, say the early Latin philosophers, simply because he always became violently ill on the water. Then there was the hardy captain of *H.M.S. Pinafore,* of whom Gilbert wrote,

> "And I'm never, never sick at sea."
> "What, never?"
> "No, never!"
> "What, never?"
> "Well, hardly ever."

During World War I soldiers embarked for France with their ears stuffed with cotton wool. A European monarch had his bedroom on his yacht built on a cardanic suspension, but he got sick anyway. Engineers talked of gyroscopic easy chairs, an old sea captain invented a gadget called the "soundsleepmask," a sure cure, and in 1936 a doctor wrote a whole book on the subject entitled "Why Bring That Up?"

To all this Dr. Gay says, "Take a half-tablet of dramamine as the boat leaves the harbor, and a half-tablet every four to six hours. Live a normal life, eat everything, and do as you please." Dramamine works on air-sickness, car-sickness, roller-coaster sickness, and even just plain dizziness, none of which Gay believes is mental. "It has been scientifically established that motion sickness is not based on psychic phenomena. It is poor equilibrium, the manifestation of man's inability to balance himself." Motion sickness has definitely been traced to the fluid in the semi-circular canals of the ears. Deaf mutes do not get seasick. In some way, as yet unknown to Gay and Carliner, dramamine affects the liquid in the semi-circular canal, either stabilizing the content or controlling the pressure.

Daily, now, Gay's mailbox is stuffed with communications pouring in from all over the world. He has had inquiries from the Surgeon General of the Swedish Navy, from the Royal Air Force, from occupied Germany, and from a lighthouse keeper who gets sick every time he rows his boat to shore to pick up provisions. A consultant for the Air Force flew up from the South recently on a trip so rough he thought sure the plane would crack up. He swallowed dramamine and managed to eat his lunch while a woman in the adjoining seat became airsick. The consultant gave the woman some pills, and when the plane landed later at Philadelphia she was seen standing by the gate munching the last of three chocolate bars.

Gay, who will realize fame but no money from his discovery, regrets that dramamine wasn't developed during World War II. Even the most up-to-date seasick remedy used before dramamine had a depressing effect on patients, producing hallucinations, excitement, and mental cloudiness often worse than seasickness itself. Recalling the hurricane in the English Channel which delayed invasion boats of the 83rd Division nearly four days, General Eisenhower, in "Crusade in Europe," says, "I visited the men of that division the day they finally got ashore, and found a number of them still seasick, and temporarily exhausted." On merchant ships subject to sudden torpedoing red-letter signs were hung on the bunks of ailing men which read, "THIS MAN IS SEASICK, HE IS NOT SLEEPING." "It is my guess," says Gay, "that many men lost their lives because they couldn't make it to a lifeboat." Even now he gets surreptitious letters from career Navy men who confide they have been seasick all their lives. Wrote an embarrassed major-general who was cured by the drug, recently, "I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart, or I should say, the bottom of my stomach."

Many of Gay's patients who never traveled long distances before are setting off now for points all over the globe. "I'm shipping them abroad by the dozens," he says, "and they are going without batting an eye." He thinks the effect of the discovery of a positive cure for seasickness on travel will be tremendous, but he isn't too sure how many friends it will make for him in the travel business. "One thing it's going to do for shipping," says Dr. Gay, "it's a cinch to push the food bill way up."

—Horace Sutton.

Parlograms

Original parlograms submitted by readers are printed in this issue in the Letters to the Editor columns, pages 28 and 29.

Bali, Hi!

THE South Pacific, which has come in for heavy treatment since our wartime preoccupation with it, was never more gently handled than it has been here* by Robert Gibbings of Killarney. He sings a soft personal narrative of the sail through the Fijis, to Samoa, Cook Island, and Tahiti, decorating his own prose with clear, sharp, realistic wood-cuts. Children are named in his honor in Samoa, and in Tahiti he moves into "The House That Waits for Robert" eighteen years after it was offered to him by James Norman Hall. There are pearl divers in the South Pacific who can signal the approach of a shark by a mooing grunt, and there are men who fish by throwing their spears in the face of oncoming waves. In Polynesia a child born about the same time its father dies is given a name reminiscent of the father or his last illness. The custom accounts for the name of some of Mr. Gibbings's friends, Sory-for-sin, Hate-evill, not to mention Aaron-too-late, born of a seventy-eight-year-old father. Mr. Gibbings's Pacific, I dare say, is no less appealing than the one created by Rodgers, Hammerstein, Logan, and Michener—H.S.

**OVER THE REEF AND FAR AWAY, by Robert Gibbings. Dutton. $3.50.*

TRAVELERS' TALES

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CITIES, edited by Ray West, Jr. Norton. $4. Since we have been writing the history of America using as a vehicle its rivers and its mountains, why not its cities? Seven so-called Rocky Mountain cities have been treated by as many authors who have reported here on the social customs, the social inequities, the politics, the newspapers, the local bigotries of the once wild West. Between Reno, which begins the book, and Denver, which ends it, you'll find, among the authors, Duncan Aikman, Dale L. Morgan, and Erna Fergusson.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the frankest of the pieces is June Caldwell's essay on Tucson, the city with a hundred-dollar-a-month mayor. Tucson shops, which hang "*Aqui Se Habla Español*" signs, also frequently exhibit placards reading, "We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone," meaning, of course, Negroes. Tucson's seventeen-million-dollar-a-year tourist industry, says Mrs. Caldwell, wife of Erskine, is "mainly intended to attract the healthy, wealthy, and gentile." "Healthy" means no contagious diseases such as tuberculosis. Those suffering from sinus, asthma, and rheumatic diseases, who otherwise qualify, are hospitably accepted.

THE BLACK HILLS, by Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merrill. $5. Casey's at the bat again, this time with a book about the Bad Lands, the hills of Wyoming and South Dakota. Bob Casey knows interesting people, and extracts interesting stories. Meet Corb Morse, a Dakotan who drew the cream of Broadway and Washington to his Rapid City ranch house. Listen to the report of Cal Coolidge's vacation when old, tame, liver-fed hatchery fish were released just for the President's hook. He caught the fish and never caught on. But the Black Hills became known as trout-fishing grounds. Gutzon Borglum carved the faces of four Presidents out of Black Hills granite, and at Spearfish the Passion Play of Oberammergau has found a new home. There is record of the death of the uncompromising Sitting Bull, and the massacre of the Sioux. They lived in the Black Hills, too.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE CAUTIOUS COQUETTE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	California hit-and-run case promptly places Perry Mason, Paul Drake, *et al.*, in midst of super-puzzling murder mess.	One of most intricately plotted of Mason's cases, complete with gold-digging gals, vengeful hubbies, rich reprobates, and copious action.	Real baffler
MURDER AT DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE *E. Lee Waddell* (Dutton: $2.50)	Reports of perversion at Calif. boys' school followed by murder of old school retainer (fem.). Sleuth-minded student really solves it.	Despite some unpleasant overtones, tale has merit as character study of various teachers, boys, parents, and others. Mystery fairly transparent.	Slightly off-the-trail
THE CASE OF THE JOURNEYING BOY *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	English problem child, son of famous scientist, tracked from Britain to wild Eire with murderous intent. Inspector Cadover takes over.	Author, chucking aside fantasy of recent Appleby yarns, presents straight suspense tale with plot, climax, and conclusion that raise hackles.	Complete joy
DEADLY DUO *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Brace of novelettes dealing with poisonings in English homes, solved handily by two unobtrusive but interesting sleuths.	First one is a five-finger exercise; opus two, about elderly and malevolent French actress has plenty on the ball.	Diverting
FAMILY SKELETON *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Cantankerous New England uncle accidentally slain by wrathful nephew. Clan conceal body safely . . . but uncle, unbeknownst, had insurance!	Satisfactorily sinuous, gruesome, and wryly amusing tale of family who produced various missing bodies—and of insurance sleuth who watched them.	Good fun!
DATE WITH DEATH *Leslie Ford* (Scribner's: $2.50)	Murder in Annapolis involves midshipmen, perceptive local doctor, garrulous women, and blunt Police Sergeant Digges.	Yarn spun with typical Ford finesse, keen character work, pleasant romantic interludes, and puzzling plot that jells at last possible moment.	Good

Always ask for
MORROW mysteries
at your bookstore

by Erle Stanley Gardner

The Case of the CAUTIOUS COQUETTE

a new PERRY MASON story

To catch a hit-and-run driver, Mason set a trap—and baited it with dollars. Up scampered a cute little mouse—about five feet tall with gay, mocking eyes and wheat-colored hair. Then bang!—the trap snapped shut—and Perry found that he himself was caught . . . implicated in a diabolical murder.

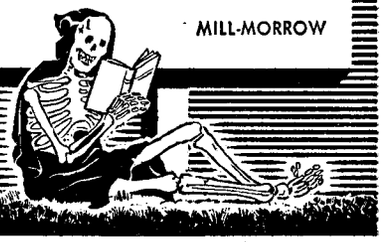
MORROW

A Corpse in Diplomacy

by MIRIAM BORGENICHT

Delightfully wacky! Kate wasn't the first woman to have a man under her bed, but this man was dead! Tobey loved Kate, and no matter how many men she had under her bed, she was innocent he knew—he hoped—he prayed.

MILL-MORROW



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SELLS ARTICLES AND POEMS BEFORE FINISHING COURSE

"I had been noticing N.I.A. ads for some time. One day I answered one. I received my aptitude test and filled it out, and soon was advised I had passed. Although not quite finished with my course, I have had many articles printed and two poems chosen for 'America Forever'."—Mrs. Grace Peter, 2852 John R Street, Detroit 1, Michigan.

How Do You Know You *Can't* Write?

HAVE you ever tried?
Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back waiting for the day to come when you will awaken all of a sudden to the discovery, "I am a writer?"

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably **never will write.** Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be interns. Engineers must be draftsmen.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

Newspaper Institute's New York Copy Desk Method starts and keeps you writing in your own home. You receive actual assignments, just as if you were at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is **individually** corrected and constructively criticized. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly creating your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that develops your talent, insights, background and confidence as nothing else could.

Many potential writers become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, book reviews, travel, local, church and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure moments.

A Chance to Test Yourself—FREE!

Our unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it free, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

This Course Approved for Veterans' Training.

FREE — NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

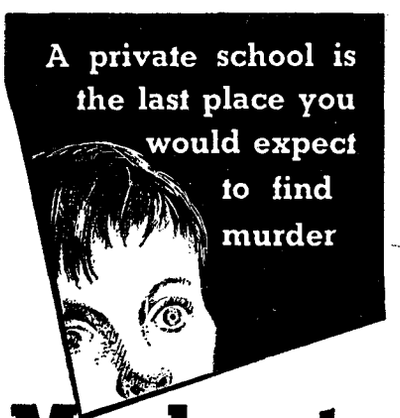
☐ Send me, without cost or obligation, your Free Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Saturday Review of Literature, May 7.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss. }

Address

☐ Check here if eligible under G. I. Bill of Rights.
(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 61-E-809

Copyright 1949 Newspaper Institute of America



Murder at Drake's Anchorage

By E. LEE WADDELL

At all bookstores $2.50

A DUTTON GUILT EDGED MYSTERY

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #3 ("EROICA"). Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Mengelberg. Capitol EFL 2502 (6)	A remarkable recording; I'd say technically the best of this work. Much sharp detail, overall clarity. Good loud passages, clean oboe, trumpet, etc. Boost highs slightly if you can.	A bit eccentric, yet unself-conscious. Much rubato, becomes irritating; interestingly different details of phrasing throughout. The whole is surprisingly unbombastic, even casual. Well worth while.
BRUCKNER: MASS IN E MINOR. Hamburg State Opera Orch. & Cho., M. Thurn. Capitol EEL 2504 (5)	An older job apparently—but still with good, undistorted highs, wonderful acoustics. Loud passages not quite so clean, but quite acceptable.	Largely a choral work, with light wind accpt. only. Some gorgeous choral effects and much of it will please; I'd say this is as original and concise Bruckner as you'll find.
GLUCK: ALCESTE OVERTURE. Berlin Philharmonic, Furtwängler. Capitol 81001 (1)	A gorgeous recording, wide range, with deep, live perspective, fine presence.	A seldom heard tragic overture of Gluck in superb symphonic reading. (Orig. for smaller-scale orch.) End a bit dull.
BERLIOZ: ROMAN CARNIVAL OVERTURE. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Mengelberg. Capitol 81002 (1)	Strange—a quite dead, radio-studio effect, unusual in European recording. Takes best edge off this brilliant music.	Lively enough performance, but the deadish acoustics may influence you. Try Boston Symph. version.
VERDI: SICILIAN VESPERS OVERTURE. La Scala Orch. Milan, Marinuzzi. Capitol 82000 (1)	Highs fall off more here—but considerable boosting brings back astonishing cymbals, etc. Somewhat dead; not too bad.	A change of fare—typical Verdi melodies, not as familiar as most. Grand performance, very Italian, highly accurate.

CAPITOL-TELEFUNKEN

QUITE aside from their musical value the new Capitol repressings from the famed German Telefunken catalogue are of interest to us all because of the unusually fine technical quality of the recording. Understandably, Capitol has concentrated its first release on relatively recent Telefunkens; even so, compared with many of our own of similar date and others from Europe these are remarkable. The Telefunken catalogue goes far back over the years. Most of its recordings were consistently in advance of their time, year after year. With quality still as erratic as it is today, you may safely think of these reissued Telefunkens as technically equivalent to brand-new recordings. Capitol's quiet surfaces are an additional advantage.

Owners of better quality playing equipment will find they excel in two respects. Though the higher tones fall off as compared to current wide-range recording, they are decidedly present, and undistorted; a slight boost of the treble range brings out clean cymbals, triangles, brass to compete with the best of today. (This treatment on many an older record merely intensifies unpleasant distortion.) Better still, the louder passages are astonishingly clear and undistorted—for here was the greatest bugbear of earlier recording. (And it is, still, in more new albums than I care to mention.)

It is interesting that the sounds now audible from these records were all but impossible to reproduce when they were first issued, except on enormously expensive professional equipment. Our home machines today have far to go still—but the fact remains that an increasing number of us are now able to hear on home equipment what has always been on these records, though unheard. As newer wide-range pickups, better amplifiers, above all, better speakers gradually spread among us we may find even more pleasant surprises on the records of another day.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Film Forum

FREE ENTERPRISE — ***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Film is without doubt the most potentially effective of the media of propaganda. Viewed by a passive crowd gathered in the darkness of a theatre, a well-made film invites complete participation and has an uncanny way of suspending the critical judgment and invoking an almost trancelike state of belief. A great responsibility therefore rests on all who would use film as a means of propaganda.*

The films reviewed this week do not meet these requirements of responsibility. In fact, they appear to us to be so one-sided as to be downright dangerous. We don't suggest that they should be banned or withdrawn—simply that those exposed to them in the theatres should be fully on guard against their misleading doctrine.

MAKE MINE FREEDOM

Presented by Harding College, and produced by John Sutherland Productions, Hollywood. Released theatrically through MGM. In Technicolor. (10 mins.)

This animated film presents an idyllic portrait of America with its four perfectly observed freedoms, plus the "freedom to work" and the "freedom to own property." The characters of the film—a Senator, a farmer, a factory worker, and others—are perfectly happy until the appearance of Dr. Utopia, a quack salesman of markedly Latin appearance. (All these films contain unpleasant caricatures of racial types.) Armed with a magic bottle of snake oil labeled "Ism," this spellbinder goes to work on his audience and soon persuades the Senator that Ism will win him votes, the farmer that Ism will raise his crop prices, the factory worker that Ism will lower his cost of living. However, just when they are about to sign away their liberties in favor of Utopia, up comes Mr. John Q. Public, who has been slumbering on a park bench.

"What's wrong with the America we've got?" he asks. Didn't Joe Doakes, that proverbial putterer, invent the automobile? Dr. Utopia would take away the freedom to putter. Didn't Joe Doakes build a great city out of the family's savings? Why, even in the Depression, things were really all right; Joe Doakes was still better off than anyone else in the world. His audience, however, is still under Dr. Utopia's spell. "All right," he says, "Go ahead, drink your Ism!"

And forthwith large and horrible green hands shoot out to bar the worker from his union, prevent the industrialist from expanding his plant, and clap the Senator into a concentration camp. Awaking from their nightmare, the characters hasten to railroad Dr. Utopia out of town.

The propaganda pattern is familiar. It is basically a fallacious "either—or." Either the free-enterprise system is retained in exactly its present form (or, rather, what the Sloan Foundation would like that form to be), or we must live under the extremest tyranny of the totalitarian state. Mixed in with this is a hatred of foreigners, a contempt for their way of life, and an appeal to bigotry and intolerance at home. The whole unpleasant dish is served up with a crude but appealing humor calculated to lull an audience into a receptive frame of mind.

GOING PLACES

Production: as above. Available from Harding College, Searcy, Ark. In Technicolor. (10 mins.)

This is the story in animation of one Fred Fudsy, who, while still a kid, invents a new method of making soap, and in another thirty years has founded a colossal industry and brought prosperity to a whole region. He never relaxes. Ambition drives him on. He is the *beau ideal* of the Sloan Foundation.

However, when he and a single competitor (an obvious Jewish type, by the way) control eighty per cent of all the country's soap, a small devil on his desk urges him to get together with this Sudso fellow and corner the market. A third manufacturer (how did he get there?) pops up and undercuts them both. Their sales graphs nosedive through the floor, and they decide to be good boys and follow the rules in future. Meanwhile, the commentator blandly asserts that ninety-nine per cent of monopolistic practices are automatically corrected by the machinery of unhampered competition. Thurman Arnold, please note.

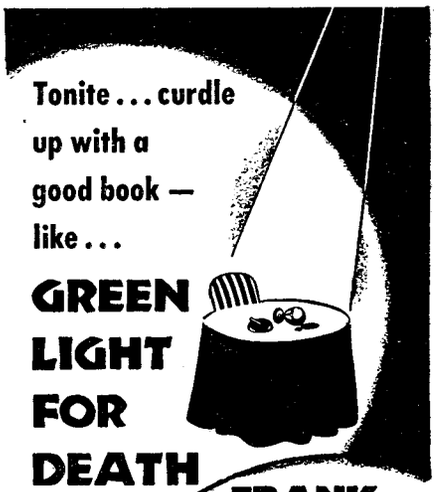
MEET KING JOE

Production: as above. Released theatrically through MGM. In Technicolor. (10 mins.)

Joe Doakes, that staunch Republican, is here seen as King of the Workers of the World, wearing a golden crown. Is he stronger, or cleverer, or more industrious than other workers? Not at all; he looks rather a commonplace fellow. But he has the outstanding advantage of having more tools to work with than any other worker in the world (and here we see a gross caricature of the poor Chinese coolie). Therefore, and it follows with convincing logic, anything that interrupts the making of tools (*i.e.*, capital goods) is bad for the worker. And therefore the worker has only to agree on everything with the industrialist for all to be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Simple, isn't it?

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.



FRANK KANE writes 'em fast, furious and tough. If you can stand the pace, the new Johnny Liddell mystery will keep you guessing to the end.

$2.50

IVES WASHBURN, Inc.

VERDE VALLEY SCHOOL

Prepare for COLLEGE and WORLD CITIZENSHIP

• 160-acre campus near Flagstaff, Arizona. Integrates college preparation with training for citizenship and world cooperation. Required courses enriched by work projects and monthly trips to study human relations on Indian Reservations, economics and government in nearby cities, geology and other sciences in Grand Canyon, etc. Languages stressed. Riding, skiing, other sports. Full college preparatory course from grade 6, for boys and girls. Applications accepted now for fall term. Catalog on request.

Hamilton Warren, Dir., Box 110, Sedona, Arizona. New York Office: 205 East 42nd Street.

How Insecticides Defy Man's Insect Enemies

First-hand information on old and new insecticides which are helping control pests that destroy 2 billion dollars' worth of farm crops in the U. S. every year.

7 samples of different insecticides and easy, interesting experiments which give you a new insight into their killing power. Read the story of DDT—invented 70 years ago!

Supply limited! 50¢ postpaid

Order Unit #71 today from

SCIENCE SERVICE

1719 N St., N.W. Washington 6, D. C.

BOOK MSS. WANTED

BOOKS and PAMPHLETS

COMPLETE PRODUCTION SERVICE at low cost

For our free booklet and estimate

Write to Dept. F

BOOKMAN ASSOCIATES

42 BROADWAY NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

IT IS DECREED

"Mrs. Knipp tells me my 'Beauty, Retire,' is mightly cried up,—which I am not a little proud of and do think I have done 'It is Decreed' better but I have not finished it."
—"Pepys' Diary," Aug. 22nd, 1666.

IT IS decreed that I should love
A pretty face, a likely mayde;
In church or office thoughts do rove
To Knipp who is a merry jade.

Our Mercer pleases me with song,
The play is nothing without Nell;
I do not take my wife along
When supping at the King Street Bell.

Today, I strolled in search of sport
And saw the Maydes of Honour come
Riding nobly from the court,
And Stewart with her crimson plume.

My wife, poor wretch, at Brampton stays,
Though fond I am of her indeed,
Despite resolves my fancy strays.
That I should love, "It is Decreed."
—KATHERINE VAN DER VEER.

* * *

DAYLIGHT SAVING BEGINS

With an early start the day faster frisks,
The hour I've lost is just **********.
—HAZEL DUNCAN.

* * *

TRAVEL DIARY

I AM still sorting out my impressions of California. I was last in California in the Thirties. This time we came into Wilmington, near Los Angeles, with happy faces and a cheerful list to port, after progressing by freighter from Balboa up the West Coast. On the 3rd of March we had been within sight of Acapulco, from which an ex-J. P. Morgan *Corsair* is now making regular passenger trips to and from Los Angeles. The Sierra Madre del Sur of Mexico were a phantom range to starboard. On the 4th, we put Cabo Corrientes astern, and by noon of the 5th were off Bahia Magdalena in Baja California. The night before, we had set the clock back an hour. That morning, out of the messroom porthole, I saw dolphins disporting. There was the wreck of a small freighter off the coast near Magdalena Bay. The Gulf of California was separated from us by the long peninsula.

That afternoon the purser, Mr. Brownlee, gave a champagne party in our lounge, and the steward took a lot of trouble with the hors d'oeuvres. It turned colder that night and we had the ports in the lounge closed and only one open in the stateroom. Sunday, the 6th, was cold again. The crew got the booms up, and men dragged heavy hawsers out of stowage onto the fantail. The chief engineer had us all to his cabin for a drink before supper.

Next day we were up at 6:00, and inside the breakwater not so long after, seeing Terminal Island, a perfect forest of oil derricks, and San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. There were Navy tankers, a Swedish Göteberg, and a Canadian freighter departing. Mr. Muller, traveling passenger agent of the American President Lines, drove us into Los Angeles to the Clark Hotel, where Timothy Turner, of the *Los Angeles Times*, later interviewed me. My "picture in the paper" came out looking very scared, owing to the flash-bulb!

We visited Fowler's bookstore on Sixth Street for copies of my wife's books to give as presents; and sat for a while in the sunlight of Pershing Square watching the doves. We took a sight-seeing Hollywood Bus all the way to Santa Monica Beach, west out on Sunset, east back on Wilshire, twenty minute stop to view the sea and the dance of the gulls! We stopped at Robinson's store, where my wife bought and signed books, her identity again being discovered. Before that, at Dawson's Rare Book Store I had picked up a copy of the "Old Songs" published by Harper & Bros. in 1889 with the profuse and beautiful drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. I already had the "Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick" (of seven years earlier) embellished by the same master hand. The songs cost me all of 95¢, the leather binding being scuffed and a bit delicate on the backstrip, but treasure trove for all that! I got also a Faber & Gwyer "Selected Poems of Ezra Pound" with Eliot's introduction, and Gertrude Atherton's "The Splendid Idle Forties," which I had been seeking for some time. It and Thomas A. Janvier's "Stories of Old New Spain" (a first of which I secured at Rose's Bookstore in San Francisco) are two excellent books of California and Mexico respectively, in the glamorous early days.

Next day my niece and her husband, the Robert Reese Parrishes, and my nephew, Joe Thompson, drove us back to the dock, and came aboard for a look at our freighter. Another night aboard and we were up at seven watching the coast. Later we chucked empty bottles overboard, filled with memos to report to THE PHOENIX NEST if ever they were found. They vanished in a rather heavy sea. The chief engineer took moving pictures of us four passengers before the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge came in sight. The messmate and I were up on deck for'ard, outside the captain's office, to watch the approach of the bridge. Windy was the weather, and the ship rolled. The Gloucester schooner that brought out the pilot came snouting into a tossing sea. I could not believe we wouldn't sheer off our superstructure as we came up on Golden Gate Bridge. The optical illusion was perfect!

Then we were safely under, and past Alcatraz in the Bay, and later beneath the long Bay Bridge, and dock-

---

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

(1) Cressida in "Troilus and Cressida," IV, 5. (2) Portia in "Julius Caesar," II, 3. (3) Lady Macbeth in "Macbeth," V, 1. (4) Gertrude in "Hamlet," I, 5. (5) Goneril in "King Lear," I, 4. (6) Desdemona in "Othello," I, 1. (7) Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra," II, 2. (8) The Queen in "Richard II," V, 1. (9) Mistress Quickly in 1 "Henry IV," III, 2. (10) Katharine in "Henry V," V, 2. (11) Joan of Arc in 1 "Henry VI," III, 2. (12) Anne Bullen in "Henry VIII," IV, 1. (13) Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," II, 1. (14) Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," I, 1. (15) Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew" I, 1. (16) Viola in "Twelfth Night," II, 4. (17) Hermione in "The Winter's Tale," II, 1. (18) Rosalind in "As You Like It," V, 4. (19) Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," III, 2. (20) Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," III, 5.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing at the furthest pier. Soon we saw who were waving. Through a wide door of a long shed thronged children and grandchildren, the latter adorned with placards telling their names. (Totally unnecessary! I distinguished their identities unerringly!) With my children was my sister-in-law Kathleen Norris, and soon—in my son's house on Twin Peaks—we were having a thoroughly satisfactory reunion of just about all my family. The next day our hotel suite was decorated with roses sent by an old Army friend, a retired colonel, with whom we later stayed in Santa Barbara. Opposite our hotel was Charles Erskine Scott Wood's favorite restaurant, Solari's, where we were to have many a satisfactory meal. (Colonel Wood's "Collected Poems," published soon after by the Vanguard Press, with a foreword by Sara Bard Field and an introduction by me, was shown me later in Berkeley.)

So the watery pilgrims had finally arrived in that most beautiful to me of all American cities, despite my love for New York! We were driven through Golden Gate Park, we dined on Fisherman's Wharf, we climbed Telegraph Hill and saw the lighted city from close by the Coit Tower. We explored Chinatown, shopping at Wa-Vel's and Lun On's and other places, including a glimpse of the remarkable Chinese silver pagoda at the Tai Ping Company. We drove down the coast to Montara and over Mount Tamalpais to Stinson Beach, visited my younger daughter at Palo Alto and saw my older daughter's home at San Mateo. We had cocktails on "Top of the Mark" and dinner in the Papagayo Room of the Fairmont. My wife viewed Marin County redwoods for the first time; and later we stayed with Sara Bard Field on her incredibly beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains above Los Gatos; and, later still, under the impressive Santa Ynez range at Santa Barbara.

In the Point Lobos Reserve State Park, the home of the Monterey cypress, we watched the Pacific in all its foaming glory, and broke bread at Nöel Sullivan's, where were present Robinson Jeffers and his wife and R. Ellis Roberts and his. Later on, in Santa Barbara, just before we took the *Daylight* for Los Angeles, we lunched with the English poet Alfred Noyes, whose garden has such a fine view of Santa Barbara Mission. (They are now on their way back, or already returned to the Isle of Wight and their loved Orchard's Bay.) We had seen Martha Bacon, author of "A Star Called Wormwood," and her new baby, and were sorry to leave our dear old friend, Colonel Fechet, and his two engaging cocker spaniels, Dinah and Brisby. But soon the *Super Chief* was whisking us across deserts—and through a blizzard—to Kansas City and points east, as we recalled an especially charming evening spent with an old star poetry pupil of mine, Sara Kolb Danner, out at the Hope Ranch.

We had lunched with Joe Jackson at the Saint Francis and dined with the James Ralston Caldwells in Berkeley. We had been personally conducted about the campuses of both U. of C. (including the Cyclotron) and Stanford. The East was all the better for having renewed acquaintance with the West—in my wife's case an acquaintance entirely new! About a dozen good poets had been incidentally encountered. The beauty of hills and ocean in an early California spring was still a glowing memory, and that of many carefree hearts and kind!

—W. R. B.

* * *

ABROAD THOUGHTS, FROM HOME

The franc was never so favorable for the tourist.—*Advt. of French Tourist Office.*

Oh, to be in Paris
Or on the Côte d'Azur,
To close the drab old house up
And take a little tour.

Oh, to be installed at,
Or near, the Place Vendôme,
And call the Ritz or Crillon
A temporary home.

Oh, to shop for perfume,
For prints along the Seine,
And sip and sup at Ciro's
Or at Larue's again.

Oh, to see the Folies,
Oh, to paint the town—
Oh, to be a tourist,
Now the franc is down!

—Richard Armour.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 788)

B. SMITH:

AMERICANS FROM JAPAN

(From the "Peoples of America" Series)

The Oriental virtues and the Oriental view of life as aesthetic experience have much to suggest. . . . The Japanese have a proverb: It is always darkest at the foot of the lighthouse. The light is ours. But we must polish the lamp.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of the Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 17¢ a word; 26 times 19¢ a word; 13 times 22¢ a word; 6 times 24¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., N.Y.C.

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES—over a million in stock. Large supply of Geographics. Prices quoted immediately. Orders filled in 48 hours. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Box 247, Dept. PR, Danvers, Mass.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES 1888-1949. Any issue. Periodical Service, Box 327-SR, Swarthmore, Pa.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Malaya, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas. We are now working on Catalogue 133—all Asia. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, Inc., 11 East 12 St., N.Y.C. 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, N.Y.C. 8.

PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Books for sale—Catalogue available. 1. Americana (488 titles). 2. Fiction (1600 titles). 3. Medicine—Aviation—Music, etc. 4. Sociology & History. 5. Literature (538 titles). Arts (Fine & Applied).

QUOTE ANYTHING BY—Van Rad, Alera, Vergvedu, Des Vignons, Blackeyes, Desergy, D'Alpinac, Go'ding, Willows, Saddler, Inten, Goof, Glauss, Leca D'Icy, Starbine, De Villiot, Morton, Gwynn, Van Styk, Lennox. Write for list. READERS' MUSEUM, 31 Barclay St., N.Y.C. 7.

DAUBER & PINES BOOKSHOPS, Fifth Ave. near 12 St. Visit our going, going, gone department. Book bargains galore at $1.47; $.98; $.68; $.49; $.24.

BRITISH BOOKS, new and old. Regular lists on request. Mail your enquiries or visit our shop. B. T. Batsford. 122 E. 55 St., N.Y.C. 22.

ERICH KAESTNER. Der Taegliche Kram Chansons und Prosa 1945-1948. 223 pages Cloth, $3. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller and Importer. 100 W. 72 st., N.Y.C., 23. Dept. 22.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues 30¢. Books Bought.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 83 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

LIBRARIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. We buy books. Send list. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, California.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS found quickly. Send Wants, no obligation, free catalogue. COAST BOOKFINDERS. Box 1886, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

REGISTER YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK WANTS with me for efficient, inexpensive service. NATHAN SIMONS, 3440 Gates Place, N.Y.C. 67.

SEARCH SERVICE for non-fiction on your want. BOOKMAILERS, Dept. S, 330 W. 89 St., N.Y.C. 24.

LARGE STOCK, scarce, unusual books. Send want list. FOUNTAINE, Grand Theatre Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating "Wants." No obligation. OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE, Westbury, N. Y.

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY SERVICES

(Continued from page 47)

ANITA DIAMANT, THE WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC. Literary Agents, 28 years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays. Verse also considered. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. 280 Madison Ave., at 40 St., N.Y.C.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED by editorial secretaries. Call evenings. MUrray Hill 4-0966.

WRITERS. Special profitable book or pamphlet printing and distribution of Histories, Scientific Subjects, Letters, Biographies, etc., which have limited reader appeal. MSS edited or ghost written. Attention to Art Work. COSMOS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 475 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 17. Editorial Offices, 6533 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California.

RESEARCH: Washington's bibliographic facilities are unexcelled. Let our trained researchers place these at your disposal. WILLIAM KILROY ASSOCIATES, 2113 Fort Davis St., S.E., Washington, D.C.

COMPOSITION, REPRODUCTION PROOFS, PRINTING—pamphlet to complete volume. Modern type faces, excellent service, reasonable prices. Estimates. EAGLE MADISON PUBLISHING CO., Madison, N. J. Madison 6-2000.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18.

WRITING A BOOK, THESIS, SHORT STORY, play, article? Expert help at minimum cost. Style-improving, revision, MSS evaluation (literary, scientific). Special attention to foreign writers, Also MSS typing, secretarial services, translations, research, proofreading. Top references. SARA CLYNE, 49 W. 56 St., N.Y.C. CIrcle 5-4262.

RESEARCH WORK in Library of Congress, other Washington libraries; bibliography, surveys, special questions, etc. LIBRARY REFERENCE SERVICE, Box 1641, Washington 13, D.C.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, EDITED. Intelligent handling. Prompt, courteous service. GLADYS LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., N.Y.C. PLaza 3-1364.

WE ARE EQUIPPED to type articles, essays, manuscripts, with intelligence, dispatch and care. 50¢ per thousand words. MIDTOWN TYPING SERVICE, Box 41, Morris Heights Station. N.Y.C. 53.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—Expert, reasonable, prompt. BRAD SMITH, 100 Morningside Drive, N.Y.C. 27. MOnument 2-8160.

CARBON PAPER—Boxed, 100 sheets, 8½ x 11. $1. per box, postpaid. Retails for twice this sum. ADAR NISSAN ASSOCIATES, 400 East Tremont Ave., N.Y.C. 57.

PROFESSIONAL HELP FOR NEW AND ESTABLISHED WRITERS. Large staff of distinguished writers and editors including well-known Marshall McClintock, "Nobel Prize Treasury"—Literary Guild; William DeWitt, formerly with Esquire; Howard Richardson, co-author of Broadway's "Dark of the Moon"; Jack Denton Scott, television script writer. Services include: Critical analysis, rewrite, collaboration, editing and revision. General counsel and marketing advice for reasonable evaluation fee. Also MSS typing. PROFESSIONAL WRITERS, 225 E. 51 St., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 6-5584.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING on IBM Electromatic. Up to 15 clear copies. IDA E. NETZER, 40 W. 45 St., N.Y.C. Phones: MUrray Hill 2-1932; CHelsea 2-3184.

WRITER-EDITOR offers constructive criticism of MSS.; also tutoring in prose or verse writing. GRANT CODE, 27 W. 15 St., N.Y.C. 11. WAtkins 9-5319.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy of "We Can Publish Your Book" Dept. 5, EXPOSITION PRESS, One Spruce St., N.Y.C. 7.

PROFITABLE PROFESSIONAL GUIDANCE FOR WRITERS. Successful sales suggestions. Special beginners' department. Criticism, Marketing. AUTHORS' AND PUBLISHERS' SERVICE, 24-25 77 St., Jackson Hts., N.Y.C.

LITERARY PROBLEM? Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "Your Road to Writing SUCCESS." DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., Dept. SR, N.Y.C. 16.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM FREDERICK PRESS Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 33 St., N.Y.C.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 81 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—Expert, reasonable, prompt. SARA RICE, 216 West 102 St., N.Y.C. RIverside 9-1644.

CLASSIFIED

PUBLISHED WRITER, EDITORIAL READER TOP BOOKHOUSE, criticizes, rewrites manuscripts, lists markets. Top references. MARIANNE SINGER, 47 W. 56 St., N.Y.C. CIrcle 5-4262.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., N.Y.C. 18.

WRITING A BOOK? Need inexpensive, competent inspired assistance? Research, indexing, typing (Electromatic). ALICE E. KLUTAS, 548 East 82 St., N.Y.C. 28. RHinelander 4-0277.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LANGUAGES

LEARN ALL LANGUAGES ON RECORDS. All makes—sold, bought, rented. Free details. ALIN, 475 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 3-1093.

LEARN ITALIAN OR FRENCH. Languages pleasantly, easily, expertly taught by Italian lady. Also English lessons for French and Italians. Call TEmpleton 8-8255.

PARIS BOUND? Get ready to speak French in 12 lessons. Also Brushup. Parisienne, VAnderbilt 6-2550.

FRENCH conversations, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) N.Y.C. REgent 7-4606.

WRITER'S CONFERENCE

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Chicago July 11-17. Workshops under noted leaders, daily Distinguished Guests, Teas and Programs in Studebaker Theatre, visiting writers, publishers, editors. Several thousand dollars prize awards for short stories, articles, poetry, novel outlines, plays, junior fiction. $500 for best 500 words on "THE BOOK I SHOULD LIKE TO WRITE." Send for rules of entry. MIDWESTERN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Suite 540E, 410 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE. University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, July 25-August 12, 1949. Write for information.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Third season, July 5-22. Director, John Holmes, poet; with Margaret Widdemer, novelist; S. Stephenson Smith, editor; and others. Daily round tables, lectures, manuscript conferences. Also theatre, opera, symphony, famous lecturers, and beautiful Lake Chatauqua, western New York country. Inquire: Mrs. Elsie Hartzell, Secretary, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N.Y., for rates.

RECORD MART

RARE DISCS. Lists. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

COMPLETE SCORE SOUTH PACIFIC—Original cast, $7.12, 50¢ postage. ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 st., N.Y.C. 17. CATALOGUE Imported, Domestic Recordings, 10¢ postpaid.

CONCERT VIOLIN, Amanti, large tone, certified value, $4000. Private, sell for $1600. BUtterfield 8-3154.

PERSONALS

GENTLE READER: Are you quiet, scholarly, basically serious, appreciating abstract truths and exchange of stimulating ideas? Woman, living among busy extroverts, would enjoy correspondence. Box 390-H.

INTERESTING JOB for attractive gal—Deep South Cotton Plantation seeks unusual secretary. If college graduate with actual business experience, attractive, reasonably sophisticated, pleasing personality and sincere desire for successful career, write giving details of business, personal qualifications and salary requirements. Box 391-H.

SEMI-RETIRED business man, discriminating taste, music, literature, theatre, fond of travel, unconventional, desires correspondence with attractive congenial gal. Box 392-H.

IMAGINATIVE, venturesome male invites correspondence with female with independent outlook. Box 393-H.

YOUNG MAN, sensitive and disillusioned, desires correspondence with understanding girl of refinement and intelligence. Box 394-H.

EUROPEAN GIRL, 28, wants summer position with family in West, tutoring French, Latin, math., Box 395-H.

SOCIAL SCIENCE INSTRUCTOR, varied cultural interests, invites interesting lady correspondence. Box 396-H.

PERSONALS

WANTED: Young government man, college grad, seeks apartment to share with young man, N.W. Washington, D.C. or suburbs. Box 397-H.

HARVARD JUNIOR, veteran, needs lucrative summer occupation, preferably on or near Atlantic Ocean. Box 398-H.

CONGENIAL, CHINESE, college student desires correspondence with well-educated female and/or interesting summer job. Box 399-H.

DRIFTWOOD OF LAST WAR, 26, yearns to drift with purpose. Objective writer, mix any strata, limited French, unfettered. Europe, Africa. Box 400-H.

WOULD deeply intellectual woman write struggling, self-educated author? Box 401-H.

BORED, iconoclastic, unaesthetic, college senior desires missiles from whimsical wenches. Box 402-H.

FOR RENT: TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA. Luxurious, furnished Hacienda apartments. Quiet atmosphere. Desert and mountain view. Good yearly climate. Reasonable. Major R. deRose.

SHARE MAINE COTTAGE, summer, two, car, informal, cooperative, comfortable. $30. weekly, each. Box 262-H.

FOR RENT, LONDON: Modern furnished flat, 3 bedrooms July 25-November 1. $65. weekly. Box 403-H.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem anywhere. Personal-Business assignments, representations undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands $1.50 per carton postpaid. West of Mississippi add 8¢ per carton. Minimum order 3 cartons. Send check or money order. KING COMPANY, Box 569-C, Dover, Deaware.

RECORDED GUIDANCE by recognized counselors. Personal, vocational, psychological problems. Child Guidance. Write full details. Fee $5.00, or send for information. Montecito Guidance Council, 828 Poniente, Santa Fe, N. M.

TONGUE-TIED? Pen-shy? Got typewriter atrophy? Let THE WRITTEN WORD, the new book by Gorham Munson, unlock your thoughts and unleash the golden rain of editor's mazumma. Munson has helped hundreds in his courses; now it's all in his book for you to read and write! $2.95 at bookstores or Creative Age Press, Box 178-H.

YOU MUST SEE New Yorker artist CHARLES ADDAM'S book of 8 starting jumbo prints from the Haunted House series. Send $15. to AMERICAN FOLIO COMPANY, Westport, Conn. If not delighted return within 15 days for full refund.

MILLINERY—Your pet hat — Reblocked — Remodeled. Chic originals. Miss Ruth, 66 Fifth Avenue, ORegon 5-2598.

DARTHMOUTH JUNIOR, stenography, art major, navy veteran, seeks summer employment anywhere. Box 380-H.

SUCCESSFUL MOTHER, teacher, experienced driver, cook, desires summer position as traveling companion, governess, or summer cottage position. Box 381-H.

CASCO BAY. Attractively furnished 2 bedroom cottage. Fireplace. Beach. View. Box 382-H.

PRINCETON GRADUATE student and wife, politics and literature, seek interesting summer job, June-September. Box 383-H.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE? Writing short stories, articles, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your spare time we teach you to write the way newspaper men learn—by writing. Free "Writing Aptitude Test" tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. Veterans! This course approved for Veterans Training. Write today! Newspaper Institute of America. Suite 5219E, 1 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 16.

YOUNG, convention-weary, male writer needs sympathetic womanly understanding. Would appreciate your letters and ideas. Box 384-H.

LADY CULTURED, loves music, art, traveling, gracious living, with a good sense of humor, invites correspondence with mature male. Box 385-H.

WILL INTELLIGENT, mature male write personable female, basically lonely, not bored, interested books, world events, gaiety too. Box 386-H.

INTERIOR DESIGNER specializing finest modern furniture, accessories, reasonably priced. JAFCO, 137 Grand Ave., Freeport, N.Y.

COLLEGE JUNIOR seeks summer position tutoring or caring for children in family living in or going to West. Objective travel, NOT SALARY. Box 387-H.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE and 7 year son need housekeeper for small summer home on lake. No objection to applicant bringing own young son. Box 404-H.

(Continued on page 49)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 48)

EUROPEAN GIRL, 23, M.S. Social work, seeks summer job in family in West. Tutor French, Latin, teach riding. Box 388-H.

EASY-GOING GUY, teacher, varied interests, seeks charming, intelligent, attractive, somewhat unconventional gal (correspondent). Box 389-H.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe, Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44 st.) N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 2-5330

INTERESTED IN MAYAN, AZTEC, INCA CIVILIZATIONS; also Mexico and Central America. Send for free booklist. Box 64-H.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on individual gummed labels, 300 for $1.50. Box 979-K.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS (over 100 dealers in 27 cities throughout the world) invites your inquiries. Send lists, or mention interests. TAAB, 529 S. Melville St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOLARLY BINDING. Our specialty: stout, elegant binding of single volumes. Hand-sewn, hand-lettered in gold leaf, cloth, $4.50; buckram, $5. JACQUES NOSCO BINDERY, 100 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. CHelsea 3-0880.

FEMALE, 23, M.A. Humanities, University of Chicago, reads French, Spanish, interested in position in Europe, beginning late August. Studying in Scotland, June-August. Box 314-H.

TRAVEL HUNGARY. Finances low. Will sell recipe famous Cape to Cairo, yes, even Moscow as "Pat's Waffles". $1.00. Please? Box 326-H.

MODERN, YOUNG MAN, bored with theatre, arts, dull people, desires to correspond with an attractive, modern girl who enjoys life, books, people. Please—no vain creatures. Box 320-H.

YEARNING TO BECOME WRITER, critic? Can be satisfied with talent and money. Partnership. Established agency. Box 286-H.

RETIRING? Ten-room, modern home, in quiet, neighborly community, Maine, fine condition. Box 267-H.

MINIATURE POODLES, black, brown. The Companion of the Literate. Puppies, $100. Vollnhofer, Colfax, California.

WHEELER COTTAGE—on Lake Champlain—a quiet informal place for vacationers who wish to relax. $40. a week, no extras. Mrs. A. K. Wheeler, St. Albans Bay, Vermont.

EUROPEAN WOMAN, German background, in 50's, experienced with newspaper, book-work wishes work as university house mother, librarian. Research assistant, etc. Box 174-H.

EXPLORE EXOTIC TEA FLAVORS in the special Caravel "Taste Test" Assortment. 16 choice varieties—Blacks, Greens, Oolongs; from India, Ceylon, China, Japan. Attractive package with unique gift appeal. $2.50. postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

FEMALE LAW STUDENT will take entire care of baby, young child for summer. Experienced. Box 362-H.

GENTLEMAN, mature desires feminine correspondents interested in literature and history. Box 356-H.

GAME YALE SENIOR, registered nurse wife, to nurse, tutor children; driving, caretaking. Anywhere, June-September. Maintenance necessary. Crawford, 1237 Rossmore, Cincinnati.

SEMI-BLIND, 58 year old man desires permanent secretary, companion to live in beautiful sea-side house and travel. Box 357-H.

YOUNG MAN, 23, M.A. summer; companion, tutor, secretary, interesting assignment. Box 358-H.

CAPE COD "personalized vacations". Charming house, ocean view, meals. Reasonable. Old Colony House, Box 132, Sandwich, Mass.

EXPERIENCED LIBRARIAN, male, thirtyish, desires summer position July, August, on west coast. Box 359-H.

READ IN COMFORT with a Servall bed table and reading stand. Light weight, adjusts at any angle. Send for illustrated description. THE RIVERVIEW SHOP, 95 Front St., Newburgh, N.Y.

HARVARD ALUMNUS, 25, personable, seeks summer work anywhere on planet. Box 360-H.

BANK PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY for 25 years would like to change occupation when boss retires. Ideas and suggestions gratefully received. Box 361-H.

EXECUTIVE NEEDS SECRETARY, with unusual qualifications: some creative writing ability; rapid shorthand, meticulous typing, unencumbered; with car; familiarity with diverse fields (technical, artistic, publishing, merchandising). Will exchange studio in luxurious, modernistic (Wright) home, plus salary, for approximately half-time services. This Shangri-la is in California. Write fully. Box 379-H.

TABOO FOR TIMID TASTES but coveted by connoisseurs and corsairs—that's LAPSANG-SOUCHONG—the smoky black China Tea. $3.25 pound. Or, try a "Taste Test" tin, only 25¢ postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

PERSONALS

TWO ZESTFUL MALES seek correspondence with two attractive, stimulating femmes, spiced with culture. Box 363-H.

WHAT ROENTGENOLOGIST, photographer or researcher could use our sound-proofed, air-conditioned but windowless radio studios? One large, two small. Claremont is across Connecticut from Vermont, near Dartmouth. Lake Sunapee. Boston three hours, N.Y.C. overnight by train. Daily Eagle, Claremont, N.H.

LIVABLE, sensible, sympathetic, cultured, traveled, mature woman interested correspondence sincere, companionable gentleman, high principles, refined tastes. Box 364-H.

FOR SALE: 16th century monastery house, plumbing, electricity; Antigua, Guatemala. For details: Gore Vidal, Box 365-H.

NEW WAY TO SAVE 25% ON EVERY BOOK YOU BUY! (and deduct it in advance!) Deduct 25% in advance from list price of any publisher, except foreign or text books. Simply tell us you'll buy as few as 4 books within year. You get original publisher's editions. Same-day shipment. Add 15¢ per book for postage and handling. Order today or write for details. DIVIDEND BOOK CLUB, Dept. S-9, 799 Broadway, N.Y.C. 3.

DONATE 10% for your book purchases to your local library without extra charge. Particulars free. Box 528-D.

SCIENTIST, sportsman, amateur philosopher invites correspondence from attractive young woman with flair for writing, preferably essays and poetry. Box 366-H.

N.J. COUNTRY HOME. Century old small stone house, partly furnished, 13 acres, good road, excellent view of Hunterdon County Hills, large living-room, beamed ceilings, 2 fireplaces, kitchen, refrigerator, gasrange, open terrace, 3 bedroooms, bath, oilheat, springwater, taxes, $48. Price, $13,000. Juliet R. McWilliams, Broker, Main St., Chester, N.J., Tel. Chester 40-J.

TWO STUDENTS, experienced travelers, knowledge languages, seeking interesting summer position anywhere, anything. Box 367-H.

WRITERS' RURAL HAVEN, Rooms, apartment, near village center. Mrs. Gilbert Beaver, Yorktown Heights, Westchester Country, N.Y.

MAINE COAST—Room, breakfasts, $15. weekly. August. Middle-aged preferred. Box 368-H.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT desires summer European travel as companion, governess; knowledge of French, European history, art. Box 369-H.

COSY, intimate, furnished room, wanted by cultured, young gentleman. Communicate in detail. Box 370-H.

TWO GRADUATE STUDENTS seeking any work abroad and/or enroute Box 371-H.

MALE WRITER, personable, cultured background, traveled, invites correspondence from attractive gal dilettante. Box 378-H.

MASCULINE READER, agreeable voice, desires booklover to read to. Box 372-H.

FOR SALE- Well established book and greeting card shop, resort town southern Florida. Reasonable. Box 373-H.

CHARMING COUNTRY HOME, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, for rent July-August. 27 miles George Washington bridge. $600. Phone: New City 661.

COLLEGE GIRL! Cape Cod summer, room and board in exchange some baby sitting with girls four and seven. Box 374-H.

PERSONALS

ENGINEER, art and music lover, would hear from cultured females. Box 375-H.

MATURE MALE will hail mail from female by bale without fail. Box 376-H.

YOUNG SMITH GRADUATE, now teaching kindergarten, desires summer position as companion or children's governess. Willing and able to travel, preferably Europe. Box 377-H.

VACATIONS

CHAMBER MUSIC TRIO in residence at HIGH POINT, New Marlboro, Mass.

VACATION IN GREEN MOUNTAINS at Knoll Farm. Simple country living for 10-12 guests. Location unsurpassed. Excellent Vermont cooking. All conveniences. Reasonable. Write: Box 55, Needham Heights, 94, Mass.

SMOKESHIRE WAY: High in Vermont's Green Mountains. Inspiring to poets, painters, lovers of beautiful country. Reasonable. Folder. RFD 1, Chester Depot, Vermont.

PRIVATE 60 ACRE wooded retreat in Allegheny's of Western Maryland. Exquisite countryside. Swimming pool. Excellent food. ALWAYS COOL. Facilities for children. Ideal vacation for small groups of discriminating people. Reasonable rates. Write Hemlock Hollow, 407 W. Eugenie St., Chicago 14.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. ALENCIA HOTEL, St. Augustine, Florida.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

COUNTRY VACATION! SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortania, Sudbury, Vermont. Superlative food, Crow-bar

WEED FARM, EAST MONTPELIER, Vermont. Comfort, delicious food, swimming, beautiful landscape.

YOUR SON FED UP WITH CAMP? Investigate the Prairie Trek Expedition to American Southwest. Opportunities for amateur journalists, naturalists, radio operators. Two months of field work under competent staff. Prospectus available. Hillis L. Howie, Community School, 900 Lay Road, St. Louis 24, Mo.

MT. DESERT ISLAND, Maine—Waterfront cottage, July-August. Accommodates four. Electric refrigeration, gas cooking, modern plumbing. Superb view. Box 221-H.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

"STORY BOOK VACATION" just 65 minutes from Grand Central in setting of intense beauty. Do nothing or golf, ride or swim. Miss See, MAin 4-2419, or Oldstone, P. O. Peekskill, 4, N. Y.

LARGE RECORD COLLECTION, good tennis, private lake, all sports. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

LANE'S ISLAND, ocean and country environment. A place to be in harmony with yourself and your surroundings. Quiet. Rate $45. and $50. weekly. Rockaway Inn, Vinalhaven, Maine.

1200 ACRE FARM ESTATE. For rent for entire summer, 9 rooms, 3 baths, 150 years old; completely modernized and furnished; deep freezer; swimming pool, championship tennis court, extensive lawns, complete privacy; pony for children. 72 miles from N.Y.C. Just move in for wonderful summer vacation. Write: Box 405-H.

FOR SALE: New home in quiet country, view, oil burner, 50 miles from N.Y.C., 6 rooms, 2½ acres, terrace. Call: UNiversity 4-0644.

HANDY SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

☐ 1 YEAR FOR $6
☐ 2 YEARS FOR $10
☐ 3 YEARS FOR $14

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Bill Me

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and foreign orders excluding Pan America.)

5/7/49

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 789

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

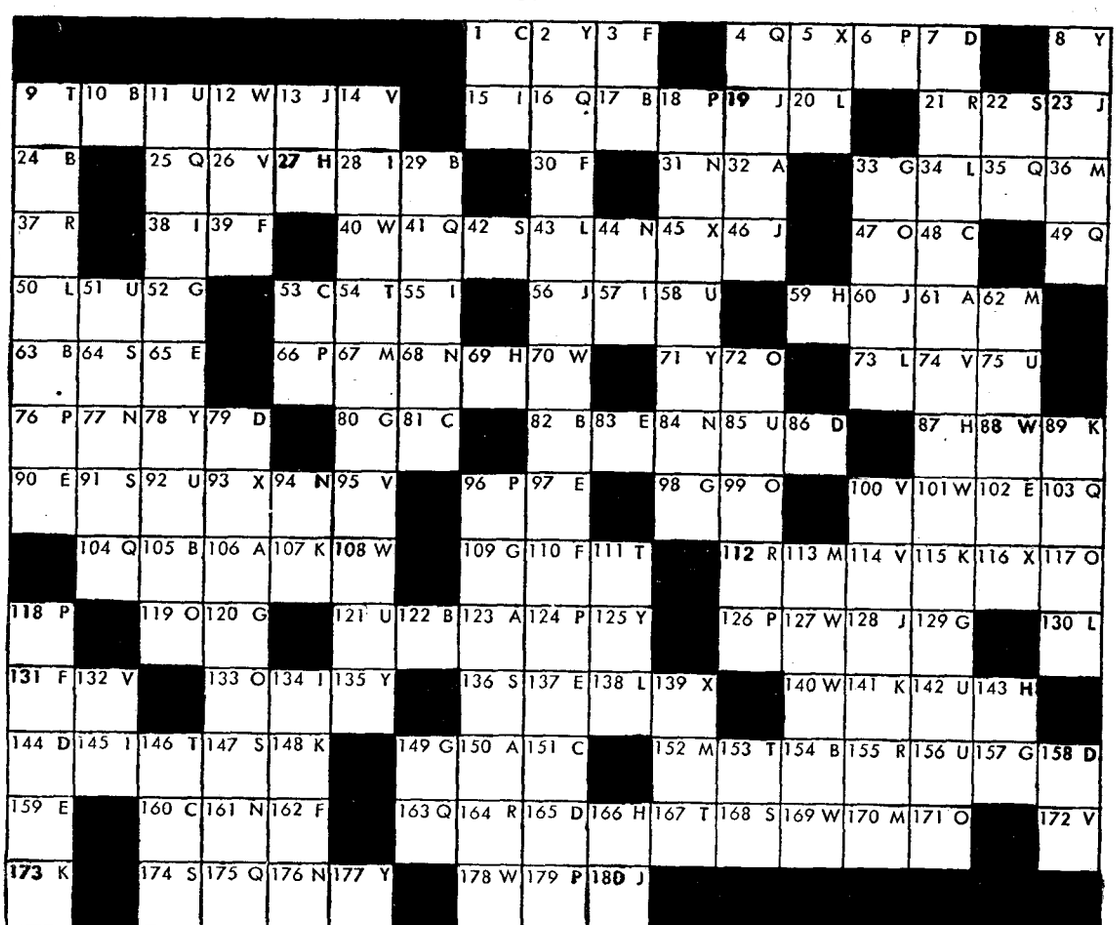
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Capital of Trans-Jordan.	123 32 106 61 150
B. Capital of Manchukuo.	17 29 24 10 63 82 122 105 154
C. Dutch genre painter and etcher, chiefly of village life (1610-85).	53 48 1 160 151 81
D. American historian (1814-77; in the Hall of Fame).	158 144 79 165 86 7
E. Town in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, seized by the French in 1898; now Kodok.	97 90 159 83 137 65 102
F. French sculptor and engraver of medals (1810-87).	39 131 162 30 110 3
G. Slender poplarlike trees of New Zealand valuable for timber (Maori; comp.).	157 120 80 109 33 129 98 149 52
H. Mother of Achilles (Gr. myth.).	59 87 166 143 27 69
I. Dutch conductor, composer, contrapuntist, etc. (1430?-1505).	57 145 15 55 28 134 38
J. City of Elms.	13 180 46 60 19 128 23 56
K. Prominent woman suffragist, president of Bryn Mawr, 1894-1922.	173 141 115 89 107 148
L. Former pitcher of the Giants, now in the "Baseball Hall of Fame."	50 138 73 130 34 20 43
M. Had a teasing uneasiness.	113 62 152 67 170 36
N. A woolen fabric of twill weave used for linings (named from place where first made).	94 77 31 44 176 68 84 161
O. In the direction of the width of type (printing).	171 99 133 119 47 72 117
P. In a manner not permitted or allowed.	18 126 124 96 66 179 76 6 118
Q. To get rid of; destroy (3 wds.).	163 4 16 41 35 103 25 175 49 104
R. To instruct and improve, esp. in religious and moral knowledge.	164 112 21 155 37
S. At the present time.	91 64 174 168 22 42 147 136
T. Eager, impatient, or anxious (2 wds.).	153 54 9 111 167 146
U. First part of name of famous Haitian Negro and liberator (1743-1803).	75 156 11 121 85 142 51 92 58
V. Followers of a Bohemian religious reformer burned for heresy (1369?-1415).	26 74 100 114 172 132 14 95
W. Appointed as heir (civil law).	12 108 40 169 127 140 88 101 70 178
X. Swedish manufacturer, inventor, philanthropist (1833-96).	5 45 116 93 139
Y. Prayer following the Shema in Jewish morning liturgy (Jewish relig.).	8 135 71 125 177 78 2

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

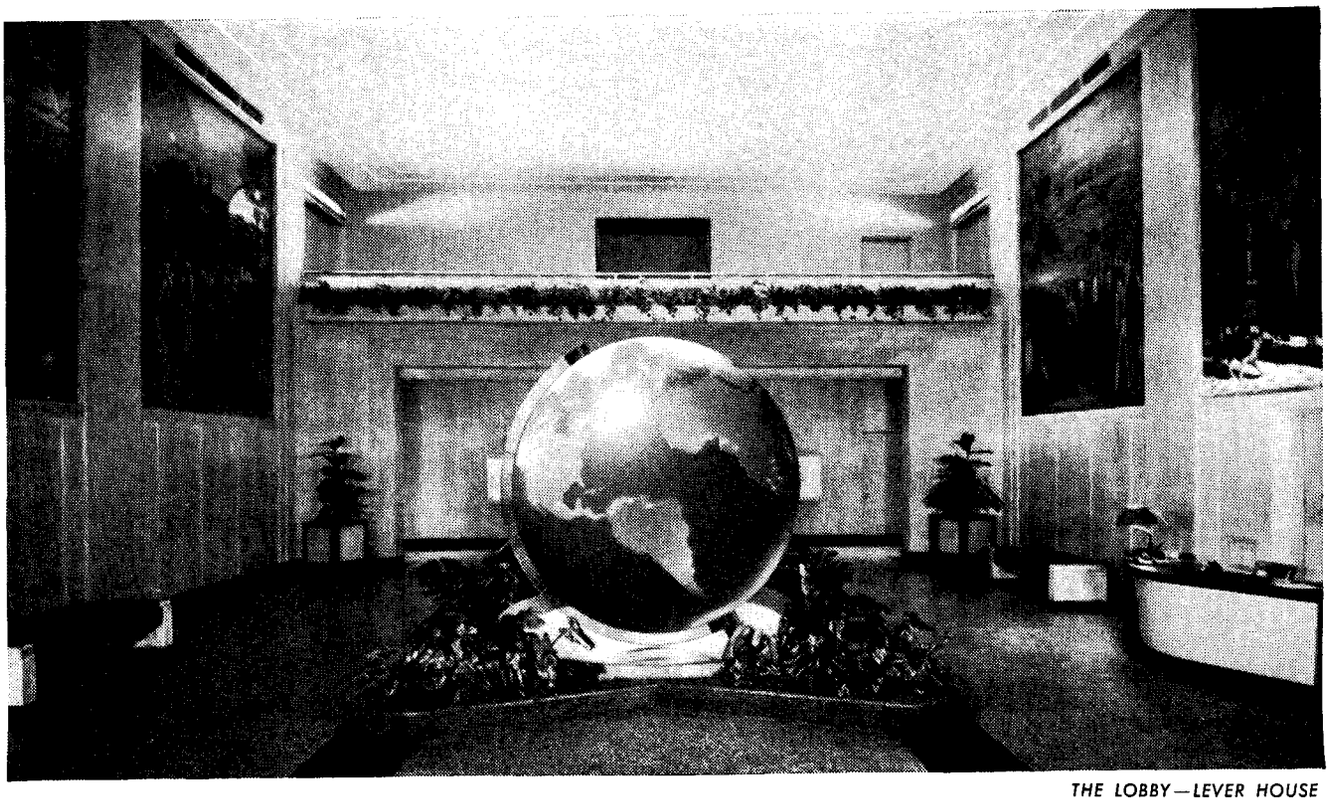
When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



MAY 7, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 47 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LOBBY—LEVER HOUSE

Lever Brothers Company

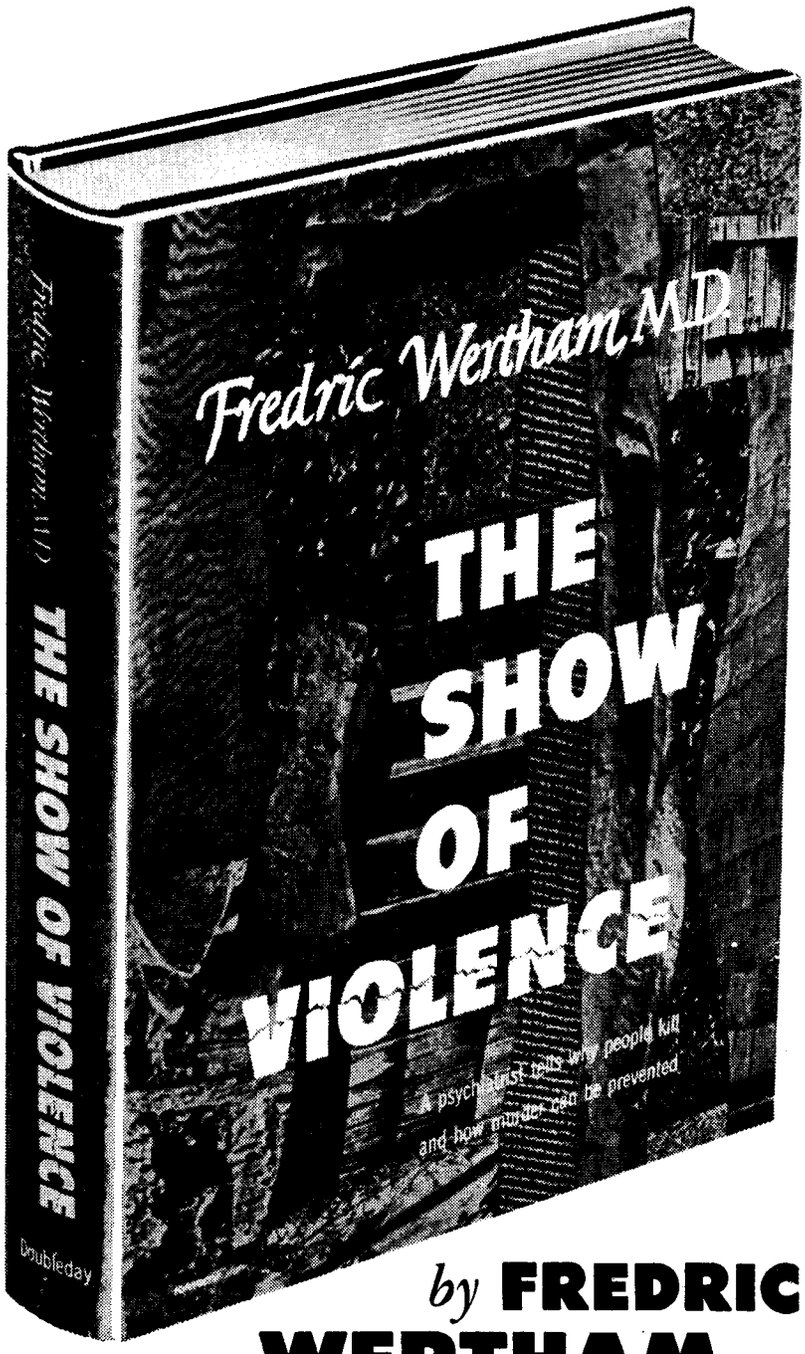
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

Makers of fine products

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

60% of the murderers get away with it!

Every two hours some murderer commits a "perfect crime!"



FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D. is the author of the startling SRL articles, *The Comics—Very Funny* and *It's Murder;* and *Dark Legend,* the extraordinary case history of matricide. Now he looks at New York's most shocking crimes — and discovers that the law, medicine, and society itself share the murderer's guilt.

by FREDRIC WERTHAM, MD

EVERY SRL reader knows the quality and bite of Dr. Wertham's writing. He has never been so forceful and ironic as in this startling book, where he shows that 60% of the murderers "get away with it!" . . . that in some places murder accounts for a higher percentage of the death rate than tuberculosis . . . that in the U. S., every two hours some murderer commits a "perfect crime."

Dr. Wertham takes you behind the scenes in some famous murder cases—the case of Robert Irwin "the mad sculptor" who tried *ten times* to get psychiatric aid, was frustrated in each case and ended by murdering three people . . . Madeline, the young woman from a Western small-town family who murdered her two children and tried to kill herself because of guilt feelings about her husband's homosexuality . . . Martin Lavin, the hired killer who was "given a hunting license" to go out and commit more murders . . . Albert Fish, the sexual pervert, who was judged sane, though he had eaten the flesh of children . . . Forlino, the man who jumped into the coffee urn, announcing that he had killed a baby . . . and the case of the modern Medea who killed her two children because it was too hard for her to support them on fourteen dollars a week—in every case a murder that was preventable.

Fredric Wertham is a scientist of celebrated accomplishments, a warm, wise and witty human being, who writes with devastating irony. *The Show of Violence* is his indictment against the blind stupidity of officialdom, institutions and society itself, for their tragic failure to protect the victims of murder—a disease of society which can be cured.

THE SHOW OF VIOLENCE

Just out, $3.00
At all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED